

THE
Fashionable Tell-Tale;

Containing a great Variety of
ENTERTAINING
ANECDOTES AND BONS MOTS,
EXPRESSIVE OF THE
CHARACTERS OF PERSONS OF RANK,
Distinguished for their
WIT, TASTE, OR HUMOUR.
SELECTED FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

THE THIRD EDITION, GREATLY IMPROVED.

To which is prefixed,
A LETTER *from the late* DAVID GARRICK,
Esq. *to the* EDITOR.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod rijum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

PHÆDRUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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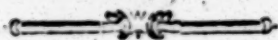
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T H E
F A S H I O N A B L E
T E L L - T A L E .



TH E R E is no court in Europe, or it may be in the world, more jealous of its grandeur, than that of Vienna; and of course, the Ministers in no court whatever affect greater state, or are at more pains to impress a very high degree of reverence and respect upon all who have the honour to approach them. But it sometimes happens, that, even to candid observers, there are amazing littleneesses, visible in these otherwise great men; and broad streaks of folly now and then appear through all the grave

Vol. II.

B

wisdom.

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wisdom, and refined policy, of these mighty Statesmen. They give law to great kingdoms—they decide on the fate of potent nations—they prescribe rules even to latest posterity—and in the midst of all this attention to others, so it is! that they have great and glaring foibles, uncorrected in themselves; which naturally tarnishes that glory, and diminishes that esteem, in which they should seem to have placed their felicity. The truth of this observation was never more verified, perhaps, than in the following anecdote of the celebrated Count Zinzendorff, Chancellor of the court, Minister for foreign affairs, and Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

ON his public days, there was an half-hour, and sometimes near a whole one, when he was altogether inaccessible; and in respect to his employment at those seasons, as is ever the case as to the privacies of Prime Ministers, there was great variety of deep as well as different speculations. An inquisitive foreigner, however, resolved to be at the bottom, cost what it would; and by a gratification to one of his pages, which might have procured a greater secret,

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secret, he was let into this. In order to satisfy his curiosity, he was placed in a closet, between the room where the Count was, and the chamber of audience, where he had the satisfaction of beholding the following pleasant scene :

The Count, seated in his elbow chair, gave the signal of his being ready for the important business, when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm, and a drinking-glass, one of his principal domestics appeared, who presented a silver salver, with many little pieces of bread elegantly disposed : he was immediately followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small vessels, filled with so many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency, then tucking his napkin into his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, and having wiped it, dipped a piece of bread in each kind of sauce, and having tasted with much deliberation, rinsing his palate (to avoid confusion) after every piece, at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided as to the destination of them all. These grand instruments of luxury, with their attendants, then were dismissed ; and the long-expected Minister, having fully discussed this interesting affair, found himself at liberty

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to discharge next the duties of his political function. In a word, with a true Apician eloquence, he generously instructed all the novices in good living ; and as Solomon discoursed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall ; so he began with a champion, no bigger than a Dutchman's waistcoat button, and ended with a wild-boar, the glory of the German forests !

THE late Right Honourable Mr. George Grenville, generally thought fit, during the time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, to entertain the House of Commons with sounding forth his own praise. This egotist one day spoke an eulogie on himself, in which he too frequently repeated the word *where*. Mr. Pitt's (afterwards Earl of Chatham) patience being exhausted, he arose from his seat, and seemed to be making his way out of the house ; but stopping short when he came close to the Minister, who was still speaking, *he sung* aloud, with great humour, ' Gentle Shepherd, tell me *where*, tell me *where* ; Gentle Shepherd, ' tell me *where*.' And he continued to do so till he reached the lobby. This occasioned an
universal

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universal laugh; and the Right Honourable Speaker retained the nick-name of *Gentle Shepherd* for the remainder of his life.

OF all the qualities which marked the character of James I, King of England, there was none more contemptible than a pedantic disposition, which he had obtained from a narrow, though a laborious education. Some school-learning he had, the fruits of that unwearied application which is often united to mean parts. Of that learning he was ridiculously vain. His vanity was much heightened by the flattery he had met with from the minions of his English court. He was eager for an opportunity of displaying it to the whole nation: the opportunity was offered him by a petition from the Puritans, for a reformation of sundry articles of the established Church. — James gave them hopes of an impartial debate, though he mortally hated all the reformers, for the restraints they had laid upon him in his Scotch government. In this debate James was to preside as Judge; and an assembly of Church-men and Ministers met at Hampton-Court for this purpose. From judge he turned principal dis-

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putant, silencing all opposition by his authority and loquacity, and closed his many arguments with these *powerful* ones. ‘That Presbytery agreed as well with Monarchy as God with the Devil; that he would not have Tom and Dick and Will meet to censure him and his council. If this be all your party hath to say, I will make them conform themselves; or else I will *barrie* them out of the land, or else do worse—only hang them, that’s all.’ Great was the exultation and adulation of Churchmen and Courtiers on this occasion. Chancellor Egerton cried out, “He had often heard that Royalty and Priesthood were united, but never saw it verified till now.” Archbishop Whitgift carried his flattery still further; “He verily believed the King spoke by the Spirit of God.”

AT one of the visits the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe made to Madam D’Ursley, at Kensington, she was pleased to be very free in putting some queries to him, upon the subject of the pleasures of Venus. The Doctor gave her full scope, by a reply, which occasioned the following Epigram :

‘ D’Ursley,

- ‘ D’Urley, in a merry mood,
 ‘ Inquir’d of her Physician,
 ‘ What hour was best to stir the blood
 ‘ And spirits by co—n.
 ‘ Says Radcliffe, If my judgement’s right,
 ‘ Or answer worth returning,
 ‘ ’Tis most delightful over night,
 ‘ Most wholesome in the morning.
 ‘ Quoth D’Urley then, For pleasure’s sake,
 ‘ Each evening I will take it;
 ‘ And, in the morning when I wake,
 ‘ My only physic make it.’

These verses are a translation of the Latin, printed in the *Anthologia*, and written by William Nutley, Esq. To the last of these, when the Doctor replied, “Madam, such a resolution “may make me lose a patient;” the Lady replied, ‘Then, Sir, it may gain you a Mistress.’

THE Doctor would never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity; nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearying out his creditors.—A Pavior, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot, at his own door in Bloom-

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bury-square, and set upon him. ‘Why, you rascal!’ said the Doctor, ‘do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with the earth to hide your bad work!’—“Doctor,” said the Pavior, “mine is not the only bad work the earth hides!”—‘You dog!’ said the Doctor, ‘are you a wit? You must be poor—Come in!’ and immediately paid him.

MR. DAINES BARRINGTON, in his account of little Crotch, having observed that the connexions of musical sounds not only seem to make an earlier, but a more lasting impression on us, than what we hear by the medium of words, mentions the late Lord Bathurst as a proof of this; and the fact was related to him by the Earl himself:

“As his Lordship had much frequented the Opera, in the time of Queen Anne, Frederic, Prince of Wales, wanted him to sing a favourite Air of Nicolini, which he could not at that instant recollect, as it had been performed not less than forty years before. Some time afterwards, his Lordship dreamed that Nicolini sung
part

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part of the Air to him; and, when he awoke, he remembered the whole Song, repeating it from hour to hour, till he had waited on his Royal Highness, before it had escaped his memory." Lord Bathurst, when eighty-seven, sung throughout, to Mr. Barrington, another Air of Nicolini's, and imitated that Performer's peculiar exertions, though his Lordship could not, probably, have heard the Song for more than threescore years. This, as Mr. Barrington justly remarks, affords a strong instance of the musical memory being very perfect, even in that late state of life.

IF Francis the First was the greatest Monarch of his age, Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, his Sister, was indisputably the most accomplished Princess. Devoted to the love of letters, she encouraged and patronised men of genius and learning, from whom she received the flattering epithets of, 'The Tenth Muse,' and 'The Fourth Grace.' Herself an Author, she has left us incontestable proofs of her elegant genius, her wit, and graceful style, which, though negligent, is full of beauty. Suspected of partiality towards Hugonotism, she

she was likewise suspected of gallantry ; and, perhaps, might have been equally sensible, in turn, to those grand movements of elevated minds, devotion and love. Her Tales, which are scarce inferior to those of Beccacio, seem to confirm this sentiment ; and though they ever inculcate and commend the virtues of chastity and female fidelity, yet contain, in certain parts, an animation and warmth of colouring, that give room to suppose the Writer of them was fully sensible to the delights of the passion which she censured and condemned.

Bonivet, presuming on his personal accomplishments, concealed himself under her bed, and attempted to violate her honour ; but she repulsed him, tore off the skin from his face with her nails, and afterwards complained to the King, her brother, of this daring attempt, at which he only laughed. She has related this adventure, though somewhat enigmatically, among her Tales.—Though Margaret was sometimes so devout as to compose Hymns, yet she was certainly an ‘ *Esprit fort*,’ and had even great doubts concerning the immortality of the soul. Brantome has preserved a very curious story relative to the death of one of her
Maids

ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES. 11

Maids of Honour, at which she was present. The Queen was much attached to her, and would not be induced, by any intreaties, to quit her bed-side when expiring; on the contrary, she continued to fix her eyes on the dying person, with uncommon eagerness and perseverance, till she had breathed her last. The Ladies of her court expressed to her Majesty their astonishment and surprise at this conduct; and requested to know, what satisfaction she could derive from so close an inspection of the agonies of death? Her answer marked a most daring and inquisitive mind. She said, ‘ That having often heard the most learned Doctors and Ecclesiastics assert, “ that on the extinction of the body, the immortal part was unloosed and set at liberty,” ‘ she could not restrain her anxious curiosity, to observe if any indications of such a separation were discernible; ‘ that none such she had been able in any degree to discover; and that, if she was not ‘ happily very firm in her faith and adherence to the Catholic religion, she should not know ‘ what to think of this departure of the soul.’

MAJOR BERNARDI informs us, that, after the fatal battle of Worcester, Charles II. arrived

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rived at the late Sir George Norton's house near Bristol ; that he went into the kitchen, by the advice of his supposed mistress (Mrs. Lane, who was aiding in his escape), the better to conceal himself ; that, as he was standing by the fire-side, near the jack, the cook-maid desired him to wind it up ; and he fumbling until the spit stood still, the maid struck him, and calling him a black blockhead, asked, " Where the Devil he had lived, that he had not learned to wind up a jack ?" The King modestly answered her, with a blush, ' That he was a poor tradesman's son, and had not been long in his Lady's service.'

THE common net, in the reign of Queen Mary, says Sir Richard Baker, for catching Protestants, was, the Real Presence : and this net was employed to catch the Lady Elizabeth ; for being one day asked what she thought of these words of Christ, " This is my body," and whether she believed that the true body was in the Sacrament ; it is said that, after a short pause, she gave the following answer :

' Christ was the Word that spake it ;

' He took the bread, and brake it ;

' And

‘ And what the Word did make it,

‘ That I believe, and take it :’

—an answer, which, however slight and superficial in appearance, contains a great deal of good sense and judgement, and enabled her to escape the snare which was laid for her, and unto which a direct and positive reply would certainly have betrayed her.

IT is remarkable, that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, “ God mend me.” One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. ‘ Mend you !’ says the coachman, ‘ it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.’

MR. SHERIDAN relates a remarkable incident, occasioned by Wood’s half-pence, which he says was communicated to him by Mr. Hoffleger, a native of Germany, then a resident Merchant of some eminence in Dublin, who was present when it happened. The day after the Proclamation was issued out against the Author (Dean Swift) of the Drapier’s fourth letter, there was a full levee at the Castle.

The

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The Lord Lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the Lord Lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room: "So, my Lord Lieutenant, " this is a glorious exploit that you performed " yesterday, in issuing a Proclamation against " a poor Shop-keeper, whose only crime is an " honest endeavour to save his country from " ruin. You have given a noble specimen of " what this devoted nation is to hope for, from " your government. I suppose you expect a " statue of copper will be erected to you, for " this service done to Wood." He then went on, for a long time, inveighing in the bitterest terms against the Patent, and displaying, in the strongest colours, all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder, at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into, their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood super-eminent among them, like

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like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians. For some time a profound silence ensued: when Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

'Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt

'Meliri.' ———

'Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign, compel
'me to such measures.'

The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good-humour; some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer.

THE beautiful Widow Madden, afterwards Lady Ely, being on a visit, some years ago, to Mrs. Bellamy, who then resided at the sheds of Clontarf, near Dublin; they went together one day to a barn, a few miles off, where the service of our Church, for the convenience of the neighbouring peasants, was usually performed.

As the place was situated upon the sea-coast, the congregation, which was very numerous, chiefly consisted of Fishermen and their families. The weather being uncommonly warm,
and

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and the barn much crowded, the effects soon became visible on the countenance of the Sacerdotal Gentleman that officiated. The subtil fluid produced by perspiration, in plenteous streams bedewed his visage, which obliged him to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief; and as that happened to be deeply tinged with blue, and never to have been used before, his face was soon adorned with various stripes of that colour, and exhibited a spectacle that would have moved the risible muscles of the most rigid anchorite.

After the Prayers were ended, the Minister gave an exhortation to his auditors; and now, by the quaintness of some of his expressions, rendered that hilarity which his beplastered countenance had first excited in Mrs. Madden's mind, ungovernable. In the course of his oration, he took occasion to introduce the fall of our first Parents; when, addressing himself to the female part of his congregation, who, as has already been observed, were Fish-women, he exclaimed, with a much stronger tincture of the Hibernian brogue than even some of our present Preachers, ' Your Mother Eve sold her
' immortal soul, and with it all mankind, for
' an

ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES. 17

‘ an apple : but such is your depravity, ye
 ‘ wretches, that you would sell your souls for
 ‘ an oyster ; nay, even for a cockle.’ Though
 Mrs. Madden had been hitherto able to keep
 her risible faculties within tolerable bounds, an
 expression so replete with low humour—so
 truly ludicrous—was not to be withstood ; she
 burst into a violent fit of laughter, and imme-
 diately left the Chapel.

THE Honourable Mr. Loftus, afterwards
 Earl of Ely, paid his addresses to this Lady,
 during her widowhood ; which met with a fa-
 vourable reception, and they were married ;
 but, as Juba says,

‘ Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,

‘ Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.’

The Lady was thoughtless, and the Gentle-
 man unprincipled : for the latter, being at
 length fully sated with the luscious banquet,
 wished to avail himself of the laws of Ireland,
 which consider a marriage between a member
 of the Established Church and a Catholic, as
 not binding. But the Lady, having but little
 faith, either in her religion, or her intended
 spouse, had taken care to circumvent a step of

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that kind ; for, the day before their nuptials were to take place, she had thought fit to make a public recantation of the religion she professed ; and this retaliation of his chicanery, occasioned him to be miserable for life.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S *impromptu* on this Lady is but little known. Upon an anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, during his Viceroyship, which is always observed as a grand *gala* in Dublin, she appeared at court in white sattin, and had adorned herself with an unusual quantity of orange-coloured ribbands ; observing which, his Excellency accosted her, and paid the following *extempore* compliment to her charms :

- ‘ Pretty Rebel, where’s the jest
- ‘ Of wearing Orange on your breast,
- ‘ When that breast does still disclose
- ‘ The Whiteness of the Rebel Rose ?

MR. GARRICK frequently, when disengaged from business, attended the debates of the House of Commons, especially on such important questions as he knew would bring up all the best speakers of both parties. In the Spring
of

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of 1777, he happened to be present in the gallery, during a certain motion, which produced an altercation between a Right Honourable Member and another Honourable Gentleman, which proceeded to that degree of warmth, that the Speaker and the House were obliged to interpose, to prevent some apprehended bad consequences. A Shropshire Member happened to observe that Mr. Garrick was sitting in the gallery, and immediately moved to clear the House. Mr. Burke rose, and appealed to the Honourable Assembly, whether it would possibly be consistent with the rules of decency and liberality, to exclude from the hearing of their debates, a man to whom they were all obliged; one who was the great master of eloquence; in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking, and been taught the elements of rhetoric. For his part, he owned that he had been greatly indebted to his instructions. Much more he said in commendation of Mr. Garrick, and was warmly seconded by Mr. Fox, and Mr. T. Townshend, who very copiously displayed the great merit of their old Preceptor, as they termed him: they reprobated the motion of the Gentleman with great

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warmth and indignation. The House almost unanimously concurred in exempting Mr. Garrick from the general order of quitting the gallery. He wrote a little Poem on the occasion, which will, we hope, prove an agreeable entertainment to the Reader.

- ‘ Squire B——n rose with deep intent,
- ‘ And notify’d to Parliament,
- ‘ That I, it was a shame and sin,
- ‘ When others were shut out, got in ;
- ‘ Asserting, in his wise oration,
- ‘ I gloried in my situation.
- ‘ I own my features might betray
- ‘ Peculiar joy I felt that day ;
- ‘ I glory when my mind is feasted
- ‘ With dainties it has seldom tasted ;
- ‘ When Reason chuses Fox’s tongue
- ‘ To be more rapid, clear, and strong ;
- ‘ When, from his classic urn, Burke pours
- ‘ A copious stream through banks of flow’rs ;
- ‘ When Barré stern, with ancients deep,
- ‘ Calls up Lord North, and murders sleep ;
- ‘ And, if his Lordship rise to speak,
- ‘ Then wit and argument awake :
- ‘ When Rigby speaks, and all may hear him,
- ‘ Who can withstand *ridendo verum* ?
- ‘ When

- When Thurlow's words attention bind,
- The spells of a superior mind.
- Now, whether I were Whig or Tory,
- This was a time for me to glory ;
- My glory farther still extends,
- For most of these I call my friends :
- But if, Squire B——n, you were hurt
- To see me, as you thought, so pert,
- You might have punish'd my transgression,
- And damp'd the ardour of expression.
- A brute there is, whose voice confounds,
- And frights all others with strange sounds:
- Had you, your matchless pow'rs displaying,
- Like him, Squire B——n, set a braying,
- I should have lost all exultation,
- Nor gloried in my situation.'

THE rise of Prince Menzikoff, from a low condition, was owing to his being instrumental in saving the life of the Czar Peter I. Menzikoff was born of gentle, but very poor parents ; and they dying, left him very young, without any education, insomuch that he could neither read nor write ; nor ever did he to the day of his death. His poverty obliged him to seek service in Moscow, where he was taken

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into the house of a Pastry-cook, who employed him in crying minced-pies about the streets; and having a good voice, he also sung ballads: whereby he was so generally known, that he had access into all the Gentlemen's houses. The Czar, by invitation, was to dine one day at a Boyar's, or Lord's house; and Menzikoff, happening to be in the kitchen that day, observed the Boyar giving directions to his cook about a dish of meat he said the Czar was fond of, and took notice that the Boyar himself put some kind of powder in it, by way of spice. Taking particular notice what meat that dish was composed of, he took himself away to sing his ballads, and kept sauntering in the street till the Czar arrived; when exalting his voice, his Majesty took notice of it, sent for him, and asked him if he would sell his basket with the pies? The boy replied, he had power only to sell the pies; as for the basket, he must first ask his master's leave; but, as every thing belonged to his Majesty, he needed only to lay his commands upon him. This reply pleased the Czar so much, that he ordered Alexander to stay and attend him, which he obeyed with great joy. Menzikoff waited behind the Czar's chair at dinner,

dinner, and, seeing the before-mentioned dish served up and placed before him, in a whisper begged his Majesty not to eat thereof. The Czar went into another room with the boy, and asked his reason for what he had whispered to him; when he informed his Majesty what he had observed in the kitchen; and the Boyar's putting in the powder himself, without the cooks perceiving him, made him suspect that dish in particular: he therefore thought it his duty to put his Majesty upon his guard. The Czar returned to table without the least discomposure in his countenance, and with his usual cheerfulness: the Boyar recommended this dish to him, saying it was very good: the Czar ordered the Boyar to sit down by him, (for it is a custom in Moscow for the master of the house to wait at table when he entertains his friends) and, putting some of it on a plate, desired him to eat, and show him a good example. The Boyar, with the utmost confusion, replied, 'That it did not become the servant to eat with his master: ' whereupon the plate was set down to a dog, who soon dispatched its contents, which, in a very short time, threw him into convulsions, and soon deprived him of

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life : the dog being opened, the effects of the poison were clearly discovered ; and the Boyar was immediately secured, but was found next morning dead in his bed ; which prevented all farther discovery.

Menzikoff's remarkable introduction soon gained him credit and confidence with his Royal Master ; which, from being one of the meanest and poorest, raised him to be one of the richest subjects in the Russian empire : he was not only dignified with the title of a Prince in Russia, but also declared a Prince of the Roman Empire.

THE very ingenious and amiable Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyn, in Ireland, was so entirely contented with his income in that diocese, that when offered by the late Earl of Chetterfield (then Lord Lieutenant) a bishoprick much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words :

‘ I love my neighbours, and they love me :
‘ why then should I begin, in my old days, to
‘ form new connexions, and tear myself from
‘ those friends whose kindness is to me the
‘ greatest happiness I can enjoy ?’—acting, in
this instance, like the celebrated Plutarch, who,
being

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Being asked, "Why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little?"—answered, "I stay, lest it should grow less."

AN admirable description of the Bishop is given in the following anecdote.—Bishop Atterbury, having heard much of Mr. Berkeley, wished to see him: accordingly he was one day introduced to that Prelate, by the Earl of Berkeley. After some time, Mr. Berkeley quitted the room; on which Lord Berkeley said to the Bishop, "Does my Cousin answer your Lordship's expectations?" The Bishop, lifting up his hands in astonishment, replied, "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but Angels, 'till I saw this Gentleman."

AMIDST the variety of interesting anecdotes in Mr. Moore's *Tour through Italy*, we present our Readers with the following entertaining one.

"On the first Sunday of May, we had, says he, an opportunity of seeing the famous Neapolitan miracle, of the liquefaction of Saint Januarius's

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Januarius's blood, performed. This Saint is the Patron of Naples ; which circumstance alone forms a strong presumption of his being a Saint of very considerable power and efficacy ; for it is not to be imagined that the care of a city, like Naples, which is threatened every moment with destruction from Mount Vesuvius, would be intrusted to an understrapper. Indeed there has, on some occasions, been reason to fear, that, great and powerful as this Saint is, the Dæmon of the mountain would have got the better of him : however, as Saint Januarius has been able to protect them hitherto, and is supposed to be improved in the science of defence by long practice, the Neapolitans think it more prudent to abide by him than to choose another ; who, though he may possibly be of higher rank, and older standing, cannot have equal experience in this particular kind of warfare.

“ Saint Januarius suffered martyrdom about the end of the third century. When he was beheaded, a pious Lady of that city caught about an ounce of his blood, which has been carefully preserved in a bottle ever since, without having lost a single grain of its weight.

This

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This of itself, were it equally demonstrable, might be considered as a greater miracle than the circumstance on which the Neapolitans lay the whole stress, viz. that the blood which has congealed, and acquired a solid form by age, is no sooner brought near the head of the Saint, than, as a mark of veneration, it immediately liquefies. This experiment is made three different times every year, and is considered by the Neapolitans as a miracle of the first magnitude.

“ As the divinity of no other religion whatever, is any longer attempted to be proved by fresh miracles, but all are now trusted to their own internal evidence, and to those wrought at a former period, this miracle of Saint Januarius is probably the more admired on account of its being the only one, except Transubstantiation, which remains still in use, out of the vast abundance said to have been performed at various periods in support of the Roman Catholic faith. The latter is unquestionably the greater miracle of the two; for to change a wafer into flesh and blood, is more extraordinary than to liquefy any substance whatever: yet I once imagined the liquefaction had rather the advantage

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vantage in this particular ; that the change is more obvious to the senses. But I have lately been otherwise instructed, by an ingenious person, who was formerly a Jesuit. On somebody (not me, for I never do make objections in matters of faith) having observed, “ That it was “ unfortunate that the great change, operated “ on the wafer in transubstantiation, was not “ visible,” the person above alluded to pronounced the miracle to be much greater on that account. ‘ For, pray, Sir,’ said he, addressing himself to the objector, ‘ suppose I should immediately turn that fowl, (pointing to a turkey which was at that moment stalking past,) ‘ suppose I should immediately turn that fowl ‘ into a woman, would you not think it very extraordinary ?’ — “ Certainly,” replied the other. ‘ Well, Sir, but after the change is ‘ actually made, and the fowl has to all intents ‘ and purposes become a woman ; if it still retained the appearance of a turkey, you must ‘ acknowledge *that* would be more extraordinary still. In the same manner,’ continued he, ‘ in the celebration of mass, the conversion ‘ of the wafer into the real body and blood of ‘ Jesus Christ, is a great miracle, and highly

‘ to be venerated; but, after this wonderful
 ‘ change has actually taken place, that the real
 ‘ body of Christ should, even in the eyes of the
 ‘ sharpest-sighted spectators, still retain its ori-
 ‘ ginal form of a wafer, is a great deal more
 ‘ amazing and stupendous.’

“ But, however great a superiority the mi-
 racle of Transubstantiation may have over that
 of St. Januarius, in the opinion of Roman Ca-
 tholics in general, the Neapolitans imagine the
 latter is sufficient to convert Infidels, and put
 Heretics out of countenance. A zealous be-
 liever of this country, having described the mi-
 racle, breaks out into the following exclama-
 tions: ‘ *O illustre memoria! O verità irrefra-*
 ‘ *gabile! Vengano gli Heretici, vengano, e stu-*
 ‘ *piscano, ed aprano gli occhi alla verità Cattolica,*
 ‘ *et Evangelica; Bastarebbe questo sangue di S.*
 ‘ *Gennaro sola à fare testimonia della Fede. E*
 ‘ *possibile, che a tanto, et sì famoso miraculo non si*
 ‘ *converta tutta la Gentilità, ed Infedeltà alla*
 ‘ *verità Cattolica della Romana chiesa?*’”

Though

• ‘ O illustrious memorial! O irrefragable truth!
 ‘ Come hither, ye Heretics! come hither, and be as-
 ‘ tonished, and open your eyes to Catholic and Evangelic
 truth.

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Though I am not such an enthusiastic admirer of the performance as this Author, yet, on the other hand, I do not think that Protestants, however much they may be convinced it is a trick, have any right to call it a *clumsy trick*, without explaining in what it consists. This is a liberty which some travellers of great eminence have taken. Others have asserted, that the substance in the bottle, which is exhibited for the blood of the Saint, is something naturally solid, but which melts with a small degree of heat. When it is first brought out of the cold Chapel, say those Gentlemen, it is in its natural solid state; but when brought before the Saint by the Priest, and rubbed between his warm hands, and breathed upon for some time, it melts; and this is the whole mystery. Though I find myself unable to explain on what principle the liquefaction depends, I am fully convinced that it must be something different from this; for I have it from the most satisfactory authority, from those who had opportunities

‘ truth. The blood of St. Januarius alone is a sufficient testimony of the truth. Is it possible, that such a great and famous miracle does not convert all Heretics and Infidels to the truths of the Roman Catholic church?’

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portunities of knowing, and who believe no more in the miracle than you do, that this congealed mass has sometimes been found in a liquid state in cold weather, before it was touched by the Priest, or brought near the head of the Saint; and that, on other occasions, it has remained solid when brought before him, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Priest to melt it. When this happens, the superstitious, which, at a very moderate calculation, comprehends ninety-nine in a hundred of the inhabitants of this city, are thrown into the utmost consternation, and are sometimes wrought up, by their fears, into a state of mind which is highly dangerous, both to their civil and ecclesiastical governors. It is true, that this happens but seldom; for, in general, the substance in the phial, whatever it may be, is in a solid form in the Chapel, and becomes liquid when brought before the Saint; but as this is not always the case, it affords reason to believe, that, whatever may have been the case when this miracle or trick, call it which you please, was first exhibited, the principle on which it depends has somehow or other been lost, and is not now understood fully even by the Priests themselves;

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themselves ; or else they are not now so expert, as formerly, in preparing the substance which represents the Saint's blood, so as to make it remain solid when it ought, and liquefy the instant it is required.

“ The head and blood of the Saint are kept in a kind of press, with folding doors of silver, in the Chapel of St. Januarius, belonging to the Cathedral Church. The real head is probably not so fresh, and well preserved, as the blood ; and on that account is not exposed to the eyes of the public, but inclosed in a large silver bust, gilt and enriched with jewels of high value. This being what appears to the people, their idea of the Saint's features and complexion are taken entirely from the bust.

“ The blood is kept in a small repository by itself.

“ About mid-day, the bust, inclosing the real head, was brought with great solemnity, and placed under a kind of portico, open on all sides, that the different communities, which come in procession, may be able to traverse it, and that the people may have the comfort of beholding the miracle. The processions of that solemn day were innumerable ; all the streets of
Naples

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Naples were crowded with the various orders of ecclesiastics, dressed in their richest robes. The Monks of each convent were mustered under their own particular banners. A splendid cross was carried before each procession; and the images, in massy silver, of the Saints peculiarly patronising the Convents, followed the cross. In this order they marched from the Convents to the pavilion, under which the head of St. Januarius was placed; and having done due obeisance to that great protector of this city, they marched back by a different route, in the same order, to their Convent. But as there are a great many Convents in Naples, and a great number of Monks in each Convent, though the processions began soon after mid-day, the evening was well advanced before the last of them had passed. The grand procession of all began when the others had finished. It was composed of a numerous body of clergy, and an immense multitude of people of all ranks, headed by the Archbishop of Naples himself, who carried the phial containing the blood of the Saint. The Duke of Hamilton and I accompanied Sir William Hamilton to a house directly opposite to the portico, where

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the sacred head was placed. We there found a large assembly of Neapolitan Nobility. A magnificent robe of velvet, richly embroidered, was thrown over the shoulders of the bust; a mitre, refulgent with jewels, was placed on its head. The Archbishop, with a solemn pace, and a look full of awe and veneration, approached, holding forth the sacred phial which contained the precious lump of blood. He addressed the Saint in the humblest manner, fervently praying that he would graciously condescend to manifest his regard to his faithful votaries the people of Naples, by the usual token of ordering that lump of his sacred blood to assume its natural and original form. In those prayers he was joined by the multitude around, particularly by the women; of whom there seemed more than their proportion. My curiosity prompted me to leave the balcony, and mingle with the multitude. I got by degrees quite near the bust. Twenty minutes had already elapsed, since the Archbishop had been praying with all possible earnestness, and turning the phial around and around without any effect. An old Monk stood near the Archbishop, and was at the utmost pains to instruct him

him

him how to handle, chafe, and rub the phial : he frequently took it into his own hands ; but his manœuvres were as ineffectual as those of the Archbishop. By this time the people had become exceedingly noisy ; the women were quite hoarse with praying ; the Monk continued his operations with increased zeal ; and the Archbishop was all over in a profuse sweat with vexation. In whatever light the failure of the miracle might appear to others, it was a very serious matter to him ; because the people consider such an event as a proof of the Saint's displeasure, and a certain indication that some dreadful calamity will ensue. This was the first opportunity he had had of officiating since his nomination to the see. There was no knowing what fancy might have entered into the heads of a superstitious populace ; they might have imagined, or his enemies might have insinuated, that the failure of the miracle proceeded from St. Januarius's disapprobation of the person in whose hands it was to have taken place. I never saw more evident marks of vexation and alarm than appeared in the countenance of the right reverend personage. This alone would have convinced me that they

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cannot command the liquefaction when they please. While things were in this state, I observed a Gentleman come hastily through the crowd, and speak to the old Monk, who, in a pretty loud voice, and with an accent and a grimace very expressive of chagrin, replied, '*Cospetto di bacco è dura come una pietra.*'* At the same time an acquaintance whispered me, That it would be prudent to retire, because the mob, on similar occasions, have been struck with a notion, that the operation of the miracle was disturbed by the presence of Heretics; on which they are apt to insult them. I directly took his hint, and joined the company I had left. An universal gloom had overspread all their countenances: they talked to each other in whispers, and seemed oppressed with grief and contrition. One very beautiful young Lady cried and sobbed as if her heart had been ready to break. The passions of some of the rabble without doors took a different turn; instead of sorrow, they were filled with rage and indignation at the Saint's obstinacy. They put him in mind of the zeal with which he was adored by the people of all ranks in Naples;

of

* '*Sblood! it is still as hard as a stone.*'

of the honours which had been conferred on him ; that he was respected here more than in any other country on earth ; and some went so far, as to call him an old ungrateful yellow-faced rascal for his obduracy. It was now almost dark—and when least expected, the signal was given that the miracle was performed.—The populace filled the air with repeated shouts of joy ; a band of music began to play ; *Te Deum* was sung ; couriers were dispatched to the Royal Family, then at Portici, with the glad tidings ; the young Lady dried up her tears ; the countenances of our company brightened in an instant, and they sat down to cards without farther dread of eruptions, earthquakes, or pestilence.”

IN familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that Pope excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said : traditional memory retains no fallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation ; nothing either

pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection raised against his inscription for Shakespeare was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied—‘*Horresco referens*’—‘that he would allow the Publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together.’

He was fretful, and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he

he would deserve no commendation: and in this he was certainly not sincere; for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed. And of what could he be proud, but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when *he has just nothing else to do*; yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he *had always some poetical scheme in his head*. It was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of Forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

Of his domestic character, it is said, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expence unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the *Iliad*, by which perhaps in five years five shillings were

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saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say, *Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.* Yet he tells his friends, that *he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all.*

That he loved adulation, is a truth that needs not to be insisted on here. To gratify which, Swift complimented him, and other Wits of the Augustan age, in the following sprightly verses :

- ‘ In Pope I cannot read a line,
- ‘ But, with a sigh, I wish it mine :
- ‘ When he can in one couplet fix
- ‘ More sense than I can do in six,
- ‘ It gives me such a jealous fit,
- ‘ I cry, Pox take him and his wit !
- ‘ I grieve to be outdone by Gay
- ‘ In my own humorous biting way.
- ‘ Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
- ‘ Who dares to irony pretend,
- ‘ Which I was born to introduce,
- ‘ Refin’d at first, and show’d its use.

St.

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‘ St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
 ‘ That I had some repute for prose ;
 ‘ And, till they wrote me out of date,
 ‘ Could maul a Minister of State.
 ‘ If they have mortify’d my pride,
 ‘ And made me throw my pen aside ;
 ‘ If with such talents Heav’n has blest ’em,
 ‘ Have I not reason to detest ’em ?’

THE late Sir Thomas Prendergast, Post-
 master-general of Dublin, had such another af-
 fair in his family as that of Lord G——r.
 His Lady had indiscreetly made him a cuckold ;
 and he took care the world should know it, in-
 somuch that it engrossed the attention of the
 public throughout the nation. Whilst matters
 were carrying on with a high hand between
 the Lady and her Spouse, Sir Thomas, hap-
 pening one day to be in company with the Earl
 of Kildare, asked the Earl, If he gave a great
 many franks ?—‘ for,’ said he, ‘ there comes
 ‘ more of your Lordship’s franks to the post-
 ‘ office, than of any man’s in Ireland ; and I
 ‘ have often suspected they were forged.’ The
 Earl answered, That he gave but very few :
 he said, if so many came, they must be forged,

to

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to be sure ; and intreated, as a favour, that the next might be stopped, and brought to him ; by means whereof, he said, he hoped he should be able to find out who it was had played the trick. Orders were accordingly given ; and, in about a day or two's time, there comes a frank, which was brought to Sir Thomas, and immediately carried by him to the Earl. The Earl had several persons of distinction with him : however, Sir Thomas being a man of consequence, was readily introduced, and presented the frank. As soon as the Earl saw the letter, he told Sir Thomas he really did not choose to open it ;—" for you know," said he, " law-makers should not be law-breakers : " upon which, he desired the Knight would be so kind as to open it himself, and see from whence it came. In obedience to his Lordship's commands, Sir Thomas directly opened the letter, when the first thing he cast his eyes upon, was, the figure of a bed, curiously drawn on the paper, with a Lady lying in it, and over her head the inscription, " Lady Prendergast." The figure of a man in his shirt was also drawn, stepping into bed : over his head was written the name of the Gentleman who had hornified

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Sir Thomas; and the following words were properly placed, as if proceeding out of his mouth :
 “ This is no counterfeit, Sir Thomas.” The news of this comical adventure flew like lightning to every part of the town, and afforded great diversion among all degrees of people. Sir Thomas was cured of hunting after counterfeits, and the Earl not a little suspected of having a hand in the plot.

EDWARD HOWARD, Earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic sort. A Gentleman, on his first appearance as an Author, was sent for by this Lord to his house. His Lordship told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that, having the misfortune to be of the same name with the Honourable Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no Printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore desired the Gentleman to recommend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The Gentleman excused himself as well as he could : the Earl then began to read some of his verses ; but, coming to
 the

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the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, 'I am not like most Poets, Sir; I do not draw from ideal mistresses, I always have my subject before me.' Then ringing the bell, he said to his footman, 'Call up Fine-eyes.' A woman of the town appeared. 'Fine-eyes,' said the Earl, 'look full on this Gentleman:' she did, and returned. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed their respective charms, for which they had been distinguished by his Lordship's pen.

DOCTOR YOUNG, Author of *the Night Thoughts*, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek Authors, and had a passionate veneration for Æschylus. The overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the most interesting occasion. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a Gentleman who served, during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which the Doctor was Chaplain. On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk ;
and

and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination: his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the supreme Dispenser of that emanation of glory which covered the face of things. It is very possible, that a passage in his dearly-beloved *Æschylus* occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflexions, certain it is, that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Dr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of "*Qui va la!*" from the soldiers upon duty. The Officer who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him
leave

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leave to pursue his contemplation back to the English camp.

THE following biographical anecdote of so great a man as the celebrated Dwarf Jeffery Hudfon, we believe, will not be unentertaining to our Readers. This little hero underwent a life of vast variety. He was born the son of a labourer, at Okeham, in 1619 : at the age of seven he was not eighteen inches high ; at which time he was taken into the family of the Duke of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill, and had there the honour of being served up to table in a cold pye, to surprise the court, then on a progress. On the marriage of Charles I. he was promoted to the service of Henrietta ; and was even so far trusted as to be sent to France, to bring over her Majesty's Midwife. In his passage he was taken by a pirate, and carried into Dunkirk. His captivity gave rise to the *Jeoffreidos*, a Poem by Sir William Davenant, on his duel in that part with a turkey-cock. His diminutive size did not prevent his acting in a military capacity ; for, during the civil wars, he served as Captain of horse. In following the fortunes of his Mistress into France,

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France, he unluckily engaged in a quarrel with Mr. Crofts, who came into the field armed only with a squirt : a second meeting was appointed on horseback, when Jeffery killed his antagonist at the first shot. For this he was expelled the court; which sent him to sea, when he was again captive to a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. On his release he was made a Captain in the royal navy ; and, on the final retreat of Henrietta, attended her to France, and remained there till the Restoration. In 1682, this little creature was made of such importance as to be supposed to be concerned in the Popish Plot, and was committed to the Gate-house, where he ended his life, at the age of sixty-three, passed with all the consequential activity of a Lilliputian hero.

MONSIEUR MARIVAUX, the celebrated French Dramatist and Novelist, had a yearly income of about four thousand livres, a sum on which he might have lived in ease, and even pleasure, to the height of his wishes, had he been less liberal, and with less sympathy for the distresses of others ; but fifteen hundred was all he spent upon himself, the whole remainder

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mainder being, one year with another, devoted to acts of benevolence. One of his favourite maxims was, that, *To be good enough, one must be too good*: accordingly he has often been known to part even with what was necessary to him, for the sake of restoring liberty or life to persons whom he scarce knew, but who were in the gripe of merciless creditors, or reduced to despair. As he concealed his good deeds, so was he attentive to keep from his friends all knowledge of his own wants. Mr. Fontenelle hearing that he was sick, and fearing he might be in penury, immediately repaired to his lodgings, and asked to be with him in private: ‘My dear friend,’ said he, ‘in your present situation, money must be wanted, and friends are not to stay till asked for some; it is what friendship should conjecture: there is a purse with a hundred louis, which I leave at your disposal.’—“I look upon them as received,” answered Mr. Marivaux: “I have made use of them, and return you them with all the gratitude due to such kindness.” So far was he from priding himself in the character of Author, that several of his plays had been acted before he was so much as known. The way that the
public

public came to hear that he wrote for the stage, was thus: he had given his *First Surprise of Love* to the Italian company. Madam Sylvia, who had great theatrical talents, and much versatility, felt her part to be susceptible beyond all the reach of her penetration and sensibility. 'I would give any thing in the world to know the Author of this piece,' said she to one of her acquaintance, who was likewise known to Mr. Marivaux. His acquaintance laboured hard with him to go and see Madam Sylvia; and he consented, on condition that he should remain unknown. Mr. Marivaux took up the part of Sylvia, which was lying on the table, and read some of it. She was charmed! The precision, the justness, the delicacy of his manner, were as new beams of light to her. 'Ah, Sir,' cried she, with a heart full of warmth, 'you make me feel all the beauties of my part; you enlighten my mind; you inspire my heart; you read as I wish, and as I know I ought to act. You are either the Devil, or the Author of the play.' Marivaux smiled at the flash, and only answered, "Miss, I am not the *Devil*." In his nineteenth year, he had conceived a violent passion for a young

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Lady of family, who, with the most enchanting figure, seemed totally insensible and indifferent about her charms; but this same artless person he one day surpris'd before a looking-glass, talking to herself, and practising all the airs and graces which might heighten the agreeableness of her physiognomy. Vexed at having attributed to ingenuous nature, what his Mistress studied with such designing application, he broke off the match, which was in a fair way, without ever making known the motive; and, possibly, to this little adventure was he indebted for all the philosophical reflexions of his life; and very excellent most of them are. He died in 1763, aged seventy-five, with the happy composure of a Christian Philosopher.

MR. JOHNSON, Author of *Hurlothrumbo*, &c. having been invited to pass some months at the country-house of a Gentleman who had a great regard for him, but whom he had never visited before, he accepted the invitation, and was, for some time, treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But, at length, having shown, in some of his expressions and actions, that wild and unaccountable extravagance and oddity

oddity which runs through his whole composition, the Lady of the house, who happened to enjoy but a very indifferent state of health, which rendered her hyppish and low-spirited, and being moreover naturally of a timorous disposition, began to be extremely alarmed at his behaviour, and apprehensive that, at some time other, he might do mischief either to himself or others. On this she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, intreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The Gentleman, however, who was better acquainted with Johnson's manner, and therefore under no such apprehensions, was unwilling to proceed to acts of so much seeming inhospitality, as the forbidding his house to a person whom he had himself invited to it; and therefore declined so doing for some time; till at length, on the continued solicitations of his Lady, whom he found he could not make easy on any other terms, he commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to Mr. Johnson. This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned by way of vindication of the Gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and a gaiety

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of temper peculiar to himself, replied, That he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. —'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; that he also maintained the highest respect for his Lady; and thought it his duty, by every means in his power, to contribute to the restoration of her peace of mind, which it appeared that he had been the innocent cause of disturbing; that he, therefore, might give her the strongest assurances from him, together with his compliments, that he never would again trouble her house whilst living; but, as a testimonial of his sincere esteem, she might depend on it, that, after his death, he should consider her as the very first person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should think himself under an obligation to pay his respects. This message being delivered to the Lady, who, we have before observed, was of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before; and, fearing that he would be as good as his word, intreated the Gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg, from her, that he would continue where he was, or, at least, favour them with
his

his company as often as possible ; for that, with all his wildness, she had much rather see him alive than dead.

THE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester : he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart ; was fond of all the vices which the *beau-monde* call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune, and finally his health, beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here, is impossible. A Nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had : nay, some asserted, that he dealt with the Devil, established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork Hill, and that one W——, a mighty innocent facetious painter (who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry), was a party concerned. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the Reverend Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lord-

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ship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life ; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness.

It is necessary to acquaint the Reader, that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious Noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover), he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare : he likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his Master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate ; infomuch, that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding-gloves

gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his Lady, and informed her, that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her Ladyship was as much confounded as he could possibly be, but withall observed, the letter was not written in the style of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner :
 ' Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was
 ' a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a gamester, a
 ' rioter, and every thing that's base and infamous ?"—" You, my Lord !" said the Bishop,
 " every one knows you are the pattern of humil-
 " mility, goodness, and virtue."—" Well, my
 ' Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned
 ' and reverend Divine, who, under his own hand,
 ' lays all this to my charge ?"—" Surely," answered his Grace, " no man in his senses, that
 E 4 " knew

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“ knew your Lordship, would presume to do it ;
 “ and if any Clergyman has been guilty of
 “ such an offence, your Lordship will have sa-
 “ tisfaction from the spiritual court.” Upon
 this Lord Kildare delivered to his Grace the
 letter, which he told him was that morning de-
 livered by the Dean’s servant, and which both
 the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean
 Madden’s hand - writing. The Archbishop
 immediately sent for the Dean, who, happen-
 ing to be at home, instantly obeyed the sum-
 mons. Before he entered the room, his Grace
 advised Lord Kildare to walk into another
 apartment, while he discoursed with the Gen-
 tleman about it ; which his Lordship accordingly
 did. When the Dean entered, his Grace,
 looking very sternly, demanded, If he had
 wrote that letter ? The Dean answered, “ I
 “ did, my Lord.”—“ Mr. Dean, I always
 ‘ thought you a man of sense and prudence ; but
 ‘ this unguarded action must lessen you in the
 ‘ esteem of all good men : to throw out so many
 ‘ causeless invectives against the most unble-
 ‘ mished Nobleman in Europe, and accuse him
 ‘ of crimes to which he and his family have
 ‘ ever been strangers, must certainly be the
 ‘ effect

' effect of a distempered brain : besides, Sir,
 ' you have, by this means, laid yourself open
 ' to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court,
 ' which will either oblige you publicly to re-
 ' cant what you have said, or to give up your
 ' possessions in the Church.'—"My Lord," an-
 swered the Dean, "I never either think, act,
 " or write, any thing for which I am afraid to
 " be called to an account before any tribunal
 " upon earth; and if I am to be prosecuted
 " for discharging the duties of my function, I
 " will suffer patiently the severest penalties in
 " justification of it." And so saying, the
 Dean retired, with some emotion, and left the
 Nobleman as much in the dark as ever. Lord
 Kildare went home, and sent for a Proctor of
 the spiritual court, to whom he committed the
 Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent
 to him as soon as possible. In the mean time
 the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a fa-
 mily to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must
 attend his entering into a suit with so powerful
 a person, went to his house, and recommended
 to him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the
 matter became public. "Ask his pardon!"
 said the Dean, "Why the man is dead!"—
 ' What !

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‘What! Lord Kildare dead?’—“No, Lord Rofs.”—‘Good God!’ said the Archbishop, ‘did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?’—“No, truly, my Lord; but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rofs, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did.” Upon examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified; and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Rofs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he had sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was indeed the only sufferer for my Lord’s last piece of humour.

SOON after the Restoration, Killigrew was appointed Groom of the Bed-chamber, and continued in high favour with the King, and had frequently access to him when he was denied to the first Peers in the realm; and being a man of great wit and liveliness of parts, and having from his long intimacy with that Monarch, and being much about his person during his troubles, acquired a freedom and familiarity with him, which even the pomp of Majesty afterwards could not check in him, he sometimes,
by

by way of jest, which King Charles was ever fond of, if genuine, even though himself was the object of the satire, would adventure bold truths, which scarcely any one besides would have dared even to hint at. One story in particular is related of him, which, if true, is a strong proof of the great lengths he would sometimes proceed to in his freedoms of this kind; which is as follows: When the King's unbounded passion for women had given his Mistress such an ascendancy over him, that, like the effeminate Persian Monarch, he was much fitter to have handled a distaff than to wield a scepter, and, for the conversation of his concubines, utterly neglected the most important affairs of State, Mr. Killigrew went to pay his Majesty a visit in his private apartments, habited like a Pilgrim who was bent on a long journey. The King, surprised at the oddity of his appearance, immediately asked him what was the meaning of it, and whither he was going?—"To hell," bluntly replied the Wag. 'Prithee,' said the King, 'what can your errand be to that place?' "To fetch back Oliver Cromwell," rejoined he, "that he may take some care of the affairs of England, for his successor takes none at all."

ONE

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ONE more story is related of him, which is not barren of humour. King Charles's fondness for pleasure, to which he almost always made business give way, used frequently to delay affairs of consequence, from his Majesty's disappointing the Council of his presence when met for the dispatch of business; which neglect gave great disgust and offence to many of those who were treated with this seeming disrespect. On one of these occasions the Duke of Lauderdale, who was naturally impetuous and turbulent, quitted the council-chamber in a violent passion; and meeting Mr. Killigrew presently after, expressing himself on the occasion in very disrespectful terms of his Majesty, Killigrew begged his Grace to moderate his passion, and offered to lay him a wager of an hundred pounds, that he himself would prevail on his Majesty to come to council in half an hour. The Duke, surprised at the boldness of his assertion, and warmed by resentment against the King, accepted the wager; on which Killigrew immediately went to the King, and, without ceremony, told him what had happened; adding these words, 'I know that your Majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of
your

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‘ your affairs compels you to carry an outward
 ‘ appearance of civility : now, if you chuse to
 ‘ be rid of a man who is thus disagreeable to
 ‘ you, you need only go this once to council ;
 ‘ for I know his covetous disposition so per-
 ‘ fectly, that I am well persuaded, rather than
 ‘ pay this hundred pounds, he would hang him-
 ‘ self out of the way, and never plague you
 ‘ more.’ The King was so pleased with the
 archness of this observation, that he imme-
 diately replied, “ Well then, Killigrew, I po-
 “ sitively will go ;” and kept his word ac-
 cordingly.

DURING his residence abroad, he applied
 the greatest part of his leisure hours to the study
 and practice of poetry, and particularly dra-
 matic writings, several of his plays being com-
 posed in that period of time. To this Sir John
 Denham humorously alludes, and also draws a
 character of our Author, in his copy of verses
 on Mr. Killigrew’s return from his embassy at
 Venice ; where he was sent in the year 1661,
 little (says Lord Clarendon) to the credit of the
 King his master.

‘ Our

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- ‘ Our Resident Tom
- ‘ From Venice is come,
- ‘ And has left all the Statesmen behind him;
- ‘ Talks at the same pitch,
- ‘ Is as wise, is as rich,
- ‘ And just where you left him, you find him,
- ‘ But who says he’s not
- ‘ A man of much plot,
- ‘ May repent of this false accusation ;
- ‘ Having plotted and penn’d
- ‘ Six Plays, to attend
- ‘ On the Farce of his Negotiation.’

WHEN the great Duke of Marlborough visited the Duke of Montague at Boughton, he in high terms commended the excellency of his water-works; to which the latter, with great quickness, replied, ‘ But they are by no means comparable to your Grace’s *fire-works*.’

THE Earl of Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, gives an entertaining account of the alteration in our style; which we insert as a parliamentary anecdote :

“ I acquainted you, in a former letter, (says his Lordship) that I had brought a Bill into the
House

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House of Lords for correcting and reforming our present Calendar, which is the Julian ; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair, from which reflexions will naturally occur to you, that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, the Julian Calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory XIII. corrected this error : his reformed Calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic countries in Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company. The inconveniency was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation. I consulted the best Lawyers, and the most skilful Astronomers ; and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began : I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger.

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stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also, to make them believe they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as Astronomy; and they would have understood me full as well: so I resolved to do better than to speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of Calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, and to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them: and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them; when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest Mathematicians and Astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit

admit of: but, as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob: their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding, collectively, they have none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory."

MR. GAY, in the following letter to Mr. Fenton, dated Stanton Harcourt, August 9, 1718, relates an interesting story of two pastoral lovers, who were killed by lightning.

"THE only news," says Mr. Gay, "that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me, except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old

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authors, of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped. The only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors: but, to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for, unhappily, beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man, of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction: if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand: it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the
talk

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talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding-clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black; and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon, on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder: every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no answer being

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returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair; John, with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black; but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnish'd the Epitaph, which is as follows :

' When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
' On the same pile the faithful pair expire :
' Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
' And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
' Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
' Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.'

" But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says

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says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.—The Epitaph was this :

- ‘ Near this place lie the bodies of
- ‘ JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
- ‘ an industrious young Man
- ‘ and virtuous Maiden of this Parish ;
- ‘ Who, being at Harvest Work
- ‘ (with several others)
- ‘ were in one instant killed by Lightning
- ‘ the last day of July 1718.
- ‘ Think not, by rig’rous Judgement seiz’d,
- ‘ A Pair so faithful could expire ;
- ‘ Victims so pure Heav’n saw well pleas’d,
- ‘ And snatch’d them in celestial fire.
- ‘ Live well, and fear no sudden fate ;
- ‘ When God calls Virtue to the grave,
- ‘ Alike ’tis Justice soon or late,
- ‘ Mercy alike to kill or save.
- ‘ Virtue unmov’d can hear the call,
- ‘ And face the flash that melts the ball.’

MR. POPE seems to have been very solicitous about this Epitaph, and to have entered deeply into the distresses of the young lovers. By the following letter to him from Lady

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Wortley Montagu, it appears, that Lady had also been consulted on the subject.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

“ I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

“ I must applaud your good-nature, in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called Haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine, that John Hughes (Hewet) and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that, had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he

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he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an Epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours :

- ‘ Here lie John Hughes* and Sarah Drew ;
- ‘ Perhaps you’ll say, What’s that to you ?
- ‘ Believe me, Friend, much may be said
- ‘ On that poor couple that are dead.
- ‘ On Sunday next they should have married ;
- ‘ But see how oddly things are carried !
- ‘ On Thursday last it rain’d and lighten’d :
- ‘ These tender lovers, sadly frighten’d,
- ‘ Shelter’d beneath the cocking hay,
- ‘ In hopes to pass the time away.
- ‘ But the bold thunder found them out
- ‘ (Commission’d for that end, no doubt) ;
- ‘ And, seizing on their trembling breath,
- ‘ Consign’d them to the shades of death.
- ‘ Who knows if ’twas not kindly done ?
- ‘ For, had they seen the next year’s fun,

F 4

‘ A beaten

* Hewet.

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- ' A beaten wife and cuckold fwain
- ' Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain :
- ' Now they are happy in their doom,
- ' For POPE has wrote upon their tomb.'

"I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them, in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

" Yours, &c."

IN the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Dering, in the county of Kent, lately pulled down and rebuilt, a Latin manuscript was found, written by a bastard son of Richard III. not mentioned by any of our Historians. The occasion of its lodgement was as follows : This youth was privately educated in the country, at a great expence, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the King sent for him, and he was privately conducted

ducted to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret,—that he was his father, and, presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days), said, ‘ Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow : if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee Prince of Wales : if the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired : there is that (the money given) which will procure a maintenance.’ The Son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came : the battle ensued ; Richard fell : his Son immediately set off for the capital, and, being about sixteen years of age, placed himself with a Mason of great eminence. The gratefulness of his person and behaviour bespoke that parentage, which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise and conceal. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgement he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard’s son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was

so

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so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside upon. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety, and modesty ; and, during that period, he wrote his life. At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died ; and the aforesaid manuscript (inclosed, as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall) was not known or discovered till so lately as 1768. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings, to whom the lovers of history, and the public in general, would be greatly obliged for the publication.

FRANCIS PASQUAL, an Italian Friar, knowing, from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was, to find a mistress. He made love to a Lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but, at the same time, informed him, that he had a very formidable
rival,

rival, who was as jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death should he discover the intrigue. This was no other than a life-guard-man, a fellow of six feet two inches, with a vast *spada*, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man but Francis Pasqual. But the monastic life had not yet enervated him: he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties. However, as, in his present character, he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him: these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military. The Lady promised him an interview as soon as the court should go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the King of Naples. Pasqual waited with impatience for some time. At last the wished-for night arrived: the King set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress: the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed
by

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by a rap, and a well-known voice at the door. The Lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone ; that this was her lover, and, if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflexion : the life-guard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the Lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed. At that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms, and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long. However, she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress. This struck Pasqual to the soul, and he gave himself up for lost : however, the Lady's address saved him, when he least expected it : in bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box ; and all the beating she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ear like his death-knell ; but, when he heard the life-guard-man swearing at the
tinder

tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of a woman. The Lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was at no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy ; but, when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it began again to flag ; and, on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The Lady herself was confounded ; but, quickly recovering, she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed ; but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it. Pasqual revived ; but the soldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark : he at the same time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of *liqueurs*, which he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a Quaker : however, still he escaped. The Lady, observing what he was about, made a spring, and got him the bottle at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The
Lady

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Lady then went to bed, and told her Lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping. His situation was the most irksome in the world; the bed was so low that he had no room to move; and, when the great heavy life-guard-man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning; and, indeed, if he had, his clothes, which were scattered about, must infallibly have discovered him. He therefore began to think of making his escape; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first, he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street: but this he disdained; and, on second thoughts, determined to seize the life-guard-man's sword, and either put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the Lady. In the midst of these reflexions, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declared, that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little, and, finding
that

that it did not awake the enemy, he, by degrees, worked himself entirely out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great *spada*; when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him suffer. As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's clothes than his own; and, as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth a six-pence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself *à la militaire*, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. In a short time he was dressed *cap-à-pié*. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, and his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed on a chair before the bed; and, girding himself with a great buff-belt, instead of the *cordon* of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty *toledo* instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and, at first, thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretending to have been sent by the Officer in quest of his companion, who,

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not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted ; and thus, after having made him pay heartily for all that he had suffered below the bed, to leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and told the Officer, That he had met a Capuchin Friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sculking through the streets in the dead of night, when they pretend to be employed in prayers for the sins of mankind; that his curiosity prompted him to follow him ; that, as he expected, the holy Friar went strait to the house of a celebrated courtesan; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together ; that, if he did not find the information to be true, he should resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he thought proper. The Officer and his guard, delighted to have such a hold of a Capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile, in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military), turned out with the utmost alacrity, and, under the

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the conduct of Pasqual, soon surrounded the Lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the Officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier, waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied ; at the same time laying hold of the things he found on the chair, never doubting but that they were his own clothes. As the Lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew; and, entering with the Officer and his guard, he demanded the body of a Capuchin Friar, who, they were informed, lodged with her that night. As the Lady had heard Pasqual go out, and had no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the Saints to witness that she knew no such person ; but Pasqual, suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak. ' Here,' said he to the Officers, ' here are proofs enough. I'll answer for it, Signor

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‘ Padre himself is at no great distance :’ and putting his nose below the bed, ‘ Fogh !’ says he, ‘ I smell him ; he stinks like a fox. The surest way of finding a Capuchin is by the nose : you may wind him a mile off.’ Then lowering their lantern, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. ‘ *Ecco lo !*’ said Pasqual ; ‘ here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness :’ and, pulling them out one by one, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline, ‘ You may see,’ says he, ‘ that the Reverend Father came here to do penance :’ and, taking up the cord, ‘ Suppose now we should assist him in the meritorious work. *Andiamo, Signor Padre, Andiamo.* We will save you the trouble of inflicting it yourself ; and whether you came here to sin, or to repent, by your own maxims, you know, a little sound discipline is always healthful to the soul.’ The guard were lying round the bed in convulsions of laughter ; and began breaking the most galling, and most insolent jokes upon the supposed *Padre*. The life-guard-man absolutely thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak ; and declared they were all
in

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in a mistake ; that he was no Capuchin. Upon which, the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The Lady, in the mean time, with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, exclaiming: “ *Oime Siamo Perduti, Siamo incantati, Siamo inforcelati.*” Pasqual, delighted to see that his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him : he therefore pretended regimental business, and, regretting much that he was obliged to go to Portici, took his leave of the Officer and his guard ; at the same time, recommending, by all means, to treat the Holy Father with all that reverence and respect that was due to so sacred a person. The life-guard-man, when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes ; but, observing nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin Friar, he was perfectly convinced, that Heaven had delivered him over, for his offences, to the power of some dæmon ; (for of all mortals the Neapolitan soldiers are the most superstitious). The Lady, too, acted her part so well, that he

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had no longer any doubt of it. "Thus it is," said he, in a penitential voice, "to offend Heaven! I own my sin. I knew it was Friday, and yet, Oh, flesh, flesh! had it been any other day, I still should have remained what I was. Oh, St. Jannaro! I passed thee* too without paying the due respect: thy all-seeing eye has found me out. Gentlemen, do with me what you please: I am not what I seem to be."—"No, no," said the Officer, "we are sensible of that. But come, *Signor Padre*, on with your garments, and march: we have no time to trifle. Here, *Corporal*," giving him the cordon, "tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis: the Saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master." The poor soldier was perfectly passive: they arrayed him in the sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Francis Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The Officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself; and asked, If he was a Capuchin now or not? He was

* A celebrated statue of St. Januarius, betwixt Portici and Naples.

was shocked at his own appearance ; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and asking him, every stroke, If he knew his master now ? In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his convent, enjoying the secret of his adventure. He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the Holy Fathers : he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches-pocket, just to indemnify himself for the loss of his cloak and his cowl ; and even this, he said, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the clothes, would certainly make lawful prize of it. The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world. At last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis, and came in troops to see him. Their jokes were perhaps still more galling than those of the guard ; but, as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at

least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience : at last his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty ; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the Devil, sent to chastise him for his sins ; and has never since seen his mistress on a Friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer.

AS Dr. Johnson knew that Mrs. Piozzi kept a common-place book, in which she wrote several of his most admired sayings and observations, he told her that he would give her something to write in her Repository. ‘ I warrant,’ said Mr. Johnson one day, ‘ there is a great deal about me in it : you shall have at least one thing worth your pains ; so if you will get the pen and ink, I will repeat to you *Anacreon’s Dove* directly ; but tell, at the same time, that, as I never was struck with any thing in the Greek language till I read *that*, so I never read any thing in the same language since, that pleased me so much. I hope my translation,’ continued he, ‘ is not worse than that of Frank Fawkes.’ Seeing Mrs. Piozzi disposed to laugh, ‘ Nay, nay,’ said

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said he, ' Frank Fawkes has done them very
' finely.'

Lovely courier of the sky,
Whence, and whither dost thou fly,
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way ?
Is it business, is it love ?

Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove.

' Soft, Anacreon's vows I bear,
' Vows to Myrtale, the fair,
' Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
' Blushing nature, smiling art.
' Venus, courted by an Ode,
' On the Bard her Dove bestow'd :
' Vested with a Master's right,
' Now Anacreon rules my flight ;
' His the letters that you see,
' Weighty charge, consign'd to me.
' Think not yet my service hard,
' Joyless task without reward :
' Smiling at my Master's gates,
' Freedom my return awaits ;
' But the liberal grant in vain
' Tempts me to be wild again.
' Can a prudent Dove decline
' Blissful bondage, such as mine,

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- ‘ Over hills and fields to roam,
- ‘ Fortune’s guest, without a home ;
- ‘ Under leaves to hide one’s head ;
- ‘ Slightly shelter’d, coarsely fed ?
- ‘ Now my better lot bestows
- ‘ Sweet repast, and soft repose ;
- ‘ Now the generous bowl I sip,
- ‘ As it leaves Anacreon’s lip ;
- ‘ Void of care, and free from dread,
- ‘ From his fingers snatch his bread ;
- ‘ Then, with luscious plenty, gay
- ‘ Round his chamber dance and play,
- ‘ Or, from wine as courage springs,
- ‘ O’er his face extend my wings,
- ‘ And, when feast and frolic tire,
- ‘ Drop asleep upon his lyre.
- ‘ This is all : be quick and go,
- ‘ More than all thou canst not know.
- ‘ Let me now my pinions ply ;
- ‘ I have chatter’d like a Pye.’

When Mrs. Piozzi had finished — ‘ But you
 ‘ must remember to add,’ says Mr. Johnson,
 ‘ that though these verses were planned, and
 ‘ even begun, when I was sixteen years old, I
 ‘ never could find time to make an end of them
 ‘ before I was sixty-eight.’

IN

IN the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's College, and who not long before had been employed by the Queen, as her Plenipotentiary to the court of France, came to Cambridge; and the next morning paid a visit to the Master of his own College. The Master (whether Dr. Gower or Dr. Jenkins, I cannot now recollect) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a Fellow of his College to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat, and let the Queen's Ambassador stand. Such was the temper, not of a Vice-Chancellor, but of a simple Master of a College. I remember, by the way, an *extempore* Epigram of Matt's on the reception he had there met with. We did not reckon, in those days, that he had a very happy turn for an Epigram: but the occasion was tempting; and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's College to the Rose, where he dined: it was addressed to the Master.

‘ I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,

‘ Before your elbow-chair;

‘ But make a Bishop's throne your seat,

‘ I'll kneel before you there.

‘ One

- ' One only thing can keep you down,
- ' For your great soul too mean ;
- ' You'd not, to mount a Bishop's throne,
- ' Pay homage to the Queen.'

THE activity and hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden, are well known : he was on horse-back for four and twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions he met with a very singular adventure : accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man ; but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind ; therefore, without further ceremony, he claps on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount. When the Gentleman who owned the horse,

was

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was informed of the matter, he asked the King, bluntly, How he came to meddle with his horse, having never seen him before? Charles easily replied, squeezing his lips, as was his way, that he took the horse because he wanted one— ‘For you see,’ continued he, ‘if I have none, I must be obliged to carry the saddle myself.’ This answer did not satisfy the Gentleman, who instantly drew his sword: in that the King was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards, now come up, testified that surprise which is natural at seeing arms in the hands of a subject against his King, the Gentleman was not less surprised than they, at this undesigned insult upon Majesty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him that he should be provided for. He was not worse than his word: the Gentleman was afterwards promoted to a considerable command in the army.

SWIFT, whatever mastery he had gained over the greater passions, had no command of his temper. He was of a very irritable make,
prone

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prone to sudden starts of passion, in which his expressions of course were not very guarded. His friends made all due allowance for this, knowing it to be an infirmity often attendant on the best natures, and never took any thing amiss that he said or did on such occasions. But Dr. Sheridan, when he saw one of these fits coming on him, used to divert its course, by some whimsical stroke of fancy that would set him a laughing, and give his humour another bent. And in this he was so successful, that one of their common friends used to say, that he was the David who alone could play the evil spirit out of Saul. Among the many off-hand Poems which they daily wrote to each other, there was one come to my hands, which, though negligently written, is so descriptive of the mode of their living together, and so characteristic of Swift's manner, that I am tempted to lay it before the Public. When he was disengaged, the Dean used often to call in at the Doctor's about the hour of dining; and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour, *tête à tête*, and have slices sent them, upon plates, from the common room, of whatever was for the family-dinner. The furniture of this room was
not

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not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the Dean, as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject of the Poem, is an account of one of these casual visits:

- ' When to my house you come, dear Dean,
- ' Your humble friend to entertain,
- ' Thro' dirt and mire along the street,
- ' You find no scraper for your feet;
- ' At which you stamp, and storm, and swell,
- ' Which serves to clean your feet as well.
- ' By steps ascending to the hall,
- ' All torn to rags by boys and ball,
- ' With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
- ' A sad uneasy parlour door,
- ' Besmear'd with chalk, and carv'd with knives,
- ' (A plague upon all careless wives!)
- ' Are the next sights you must expect;
- ' But do not think they are my neglect.
- ' Ah, that these evils were the worst!
- ' The parlour still is farther curst.
- ' To enter there if you advance,
- ' If in you get, it is by chance.
- ' How oft by turns have you and I
- ' Said thus—"Let me"—"No—let me try"—

' This

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"This turn will open it, I'll engage"—
 ' You push me from it in a rage.
 ' Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
 ' Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
 ' At length it opens—in we go—
 ' How glad are we to find it so!
 ' Conquests thro' pains and dangers please,
 ' Much more than those attain'd with ease.
 ' Are you dispos'd to take a seat;
 ' The instant that it feels your weight,
 ' Out go its legs, and down you come
 ' Upon your Reverend Deanship's bum.
 ' Betwixt two stools, 'tis often said,
 ' The sitter on the ground is laid;
 ' What praise then to my chairs is due,
 ' Where one performs the feat of two!
 ' Now to the fire, if such there be;
 ' At present nought but smoke we see.
 ' Come, stir it up—ho—Mr. Joker,
 ' How can I stir it without poker?
 ' The bellows take; their batter'd nose
 ' Will serve for poker, I suppose.
 ' Now you begin to rake—Alack!
 ' The grate has tumbled from its back—
 ' The coals all on the hearth are laid—
 ' Stay, Sir—I'll run and call the maid;
 ' She'll make the fire again complete—
 ' She knows the humour of the grate."
 "Pox take your maid, and you together—
 "This is cold comfort in cold weather.

' Now

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- ‘ Now all is right again—the blaze,
‘ Suddenly rais’d, as soon decays.
‘ Once more apply the bellows—“ So—
“ These bellows were not made to blow—
“ Their leathern lungs are in decay,
“ They can’t even puff the smoke away.”
‘ And is your Reverence vext at that ?
‘ Get up in God’s name, take your hat ;
‘ Hang them, say I, that have no shift ;
‘ Come, blow the fire, good Doctor Swift.
‘ If trifles such as these can tease you,
‘ Plague take those fools that strive to please you.
‘ Therefore no longer be a quarr’ler,
‘ Either with me, Sir, or my parlour.
‘ If you can relish aught of mine,
‘ A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
‘ You’re welcome to it ; and you shall fare
‘ As well as dining with the Mayor.
“ You saucy scab—you tell me so—
“ Why, booby-face, I’d have you know
“ I’d rather see your things in order,
“ Than dine in state with the Recorder.
“ For water I must keep a clutter,
“ Or chide your wife for stinking butter,
“ Or getting such a deal of meat,
“ As if you’d half the town to eat.
“ That wife of your’s, the Devil’s in her,
“ I’ve told her of this way of dinner

“ Five

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- " Five hundred times, but all in vain—
- " Here comes a rump of beef again :
- " Oh, that that wife of your's would burst—
- " Get out, and serve the boarders first.
- " Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
- " So much, I shall not eat my meat—
- " You know I'd rather have a slice."
- " I know, dear Sir, you are not nice :
- " You'll have your dinner in a minute ;
- " Here comes the plate, and slices in it—
- " Therefore no more, but take your place—
- " Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

IN the year 1740, the resentment of the Country-party was carried to a great height against Sir Robert Walpole. Mr. Sandys, on the 11th day of February, went up to the Minister, in the House of Commons, and informed him, that in two days time, he should bring a charge against him in public. Sir Robert was no stranger to the intended motion, nor to the day it was proposed to be made, nor even to the Honourable Gentleman's intention of acquainting him with it. He therefore received the intimation with the greatest composure and dignity, and not without some mixture of contempt at the nature of the information, and,
after

after desiring fair play, he laid his hand upon his breast, saying,

—Hic murus aheneus esto.

Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ.

Mr. Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath), who, as usual, sat upon the bench with him, said dryly, that that was false Latin: the Minister wagered a guinea that it was not; and a copy of Horace being immediately produced, and the words of the author appearing to be

—Nullâ pallescere culpâ,

Mr. Pulteney took the guinea, and held it up with this sarcastic observation, That it was the only guinea of the *public* money that he had received for several years.

IN the reign of Henry I. King of France, the Greeks waged war upon the Duke of Benevento, and made him very uneasy. Theobald, Marquis of Spoleto, his ally, marching to his assistance, and having taken some prisoners, ordered them to be castrated, and, in that condition, sent them back to the Greek General, with orders to tell him, that he had done it to

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oblige the Emperor, whom he knew to be a lover of eunuchs ; and that he would endeavour to send him, in a short time, a much greater number of them. The Marquis was preparing to be as good as his word, when one day a woman, whose husband had been taken prisoner, came all in tears to the camp, and begged to speak to Thedbald. The Marquis having asked her the cause of her grief, " My Lord," says she, " I wonder that such a valiant hero as you, " should trifle away your time in warring with " women, when men are unable to resist you." Thedbald replied, That since the days of the Amazons, he had never heard that war had been made upon women. " My Lord," answered the Greek woman, " can a crueller be " made upon us, than to deprive our husbands " of what gives us health, pleasure, and children ? When you make eunuchs of them, it " is mutilating us, not them. You have lately " taken away our cattle and goods, without any " complaint from me : but this being an irreparable loss to several of my neighbours, I " could not avoid imploring the compassion of " the conqueror." The whole army was so pleased with this woman's ingenious declaration,

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tion, that they restored her husband to her. As she was going away, Thedbald asked her, What she would be willing should be done to her husband, if he was found in arms again? "He has eyes," said she, "a nose, hands, and feet: these are his *own*, which you may take from him, if he deserves it; but leave him, if you please, what belongs to *me*."

AFTER Mr. Quin, the comedian, had quitted the Stage, he resided mostly at Bath, where he was much admired for his wit, humour, and understanding. Being at dinner one day at a lady's house, who was a great admirer of his theatrical talents, she addressed him as follows: "Mr. Gwynn, I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*: do, pray, spout a little the Ghost of Gimlet." "Madam," said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, "the Ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again." Insensible of this check, she proceeded: "Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real

“ghost; and then the cock crowed so natural,
 “I wonder how you could teach him to crow
 “so exact, in the very nick of time; but, I
 “suppose, he’s game——an’t he game, Mr.
 “Gwynn?” ‘Dung-hill, madam.’ “Well,
 “dung-hill, or not dung-hill, he has got such
 “a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such
 “another at my house, to wake the maids of
 “a morning. Do you know where I could
 “find one of his brood?” ‘Probably in the
 “work-house of St. Giles’s parish, madam;
 “but I protest I know not his particular mew.’
 “Good God, sister,” cried her brother, “how
 “you talk! I have told you, twenty times,
 “that this gentleman’s name is not Gwynn.”
 “Hoity toity! brother,” she replied; “no of-
 “fence, I hope! Gwynn is an honourable name,
 “of true old British extraction. I thought the
 “gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen
 “Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and
 “if so be that were the case, he might be of
 “King Charles’s breed, and have royal blood
 “in his veins.” ‘No, madam,’ answered
 Quin with great solemnity, ‘my mother was
 ‘not a whore of such distinction. True it is,
 ‘I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of
 ‘royal



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‘ royal descent ; for my inclinations are often
 ‘ arbitrary. If I was an absolute Prince, at
 ‘ this instant, I believe I should send for the
 ‘ head of your Cook in a charger. She has
 ‘ committed felony on the person of that John
 ‘ Dory, which is mangled in a cruel manner,
 ‘ and even presented without sauce.’

FEW people were greater admirers of prudence and œconomy than Sir Richard Steele was in precept ; yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive, frequently reduced him to some circumstances, rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire Baronet, who usually sat at Button’s. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with

a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money, to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, and began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to show his friendship and regard. "Why, Sir," says Sir Richard, "I came for that very purpose; and if you can lend me a hundred pounds, for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour." Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprise, than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made, on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him nothing, was particularly proud.

proud. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he stammered out, ‘ Why, really, Sir ‘ Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of ‘ my power ; but, at present, I have not twenty ‘ guineas in the house.’ Sir Richard, who saw the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. “ And so, Sir,” says he, “ you have drawn me in to expose the “ situation of my affairs, with a promise of “ assistance, and now refuse me any mark of “ your friendship or esteem. A disappointment “ I can bear, but must by no means put up “ with an insult ; therefore, be so obliging as “ to consider whether it is more agreeable to “ comply with the terms of my request, or to “ submit to the consequences of my resentment.” Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the Baronet was startled ; and said, seeming to recollect himself, ‘ Lord, ‘ my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand pardons ; upon my honour, I did not remember. ‘ Bless me ! I have an hundred-pound note in ‘ my pocket, which is intirely at your service.’ So saying, he produced the note ; which Sir Richard immediately put up, and then addressed him in the following manner : “ Though

“ I despise an obligation to a person of so mean
 “ a cast as I am satisfied you are, yet, rather
 “ than be made a fool, I choose to accept of
 “ this hundred pounds, which I shall return
 “ when it suits my conveniency : but, that the
 “ next favour you confer may be done with a
 “ better grace, I must take the liberty of pull-
 “ ing you by the nose, as a proper expedient
 “ to preserve your recollection.” Which Sir
 Richard accordingly did, and then took his
 leave ; whilst the poor Baronet stood surprised
 at the oddity of his behaviour, and heartily
 ashamed at the meanness of his own.

THERE is not an instance of any country
 having made so sudden a change in its morals
 as the Hebrides, and the vast tract intervening
 between these wastes and Loch-ness. Security
 and civilisation possess every part ; yet forty
 years have not elapsed, since the whole was a
 den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind.
 They conducted their plundering excursions
 with the utmost policy, and reduced the whole
 art of theft into a regular system. From habit
 it lost all the appearance of criminality : they
 considered it as labouring in their vocation ;
 and,

and, when a party was formed for any expedition against their neighbours property, they, and their friends, prayed as earnestly to Heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design. The constant petition at grace, of the old Highland Chieftains, was delivered, with great fervour, in these terms: “ *Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it!*” The plain English of this pious request was, That the world might become, for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion. They paid a sacred regard to their oath; but, as superstition must, among a set of banditti, infallibly supersede piety; each, like the distinct casts of Indians, had his particular object of veneration: one would swear upon his dirk, and dread the penalty of perjury, yet make no scruple of forswearing himself upon the Bible; a second would pay the same respect to the name of his Chieftain; a third again would be most religiously bound by the sacred book; and a fourth, regard none of the three, and be credited only if he swore by his crucifix. It was always necessary to discover the inclination of the person, before you put him to the test: if the object of
his

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his veneration was mistaken, the oath was of no signification. The greatest robbers were used to preserve hospitality to those that came to their houses, and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those that put implicit confidence in them. The Kennedies, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support; and, to supply him with linen, they once surprised the baggage-horses of one of our General Officers. They often went in disguise, to Inverness, to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had the virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings. The great crime among these felons was that of infidelity among themselves: the criminal underwent a summary trial, and, if convicted, never missed of a capital punishment. The Chieftain had his officers, and different departments of government: he had his Judge, to whom he intrusted the decision of all civil disputes;

putes ; but in criminal causes, the Chief, assisted perhaps by some favourites, always undertook the process. The principal men of his family, or his officers, formed his council ; where every thing was debated respecting their expeditions. Eloquence was held in great esteem among them, for by that they could sometimes work on their Chieftain to change his opinion ; for, notwithstanding he kept the form of a council, he always reserved the decisive vote to himself. When one man had a claim on another, but wanted power to make it good, it was held lawful for him to steal from his debtor as many cattle as would satisfy his demand, provided he sent notice (as soon as he got out of reach of pursuit) that he had them, and would return them, provided satisfaction was made on a certain day agreed on. When a *creach*, or great expedition, had been made against distant herds ; the owners, as soon as discovery was made, rose in arms, and with all their friends made instant pursuit, tracing the cattle by their track for perhaps scores of miles : their nicety in distinguishing that of their cattle from those that were only casually wandering, or driven, was amazingly sagacious.

As

As soon as they arrived on an estate where the track was lost, they immediately attacked the proprietor, and would oblige him to recover the track from his land forwards, or to make good the loss they had sustained. This custom had the force of law; which gave to the Highlanders this surprising skill in the art of tracking. It has been observed before, that to steal, rob and plunder, with dexterity, was esteemed as the highest act of heroism. The feuds between the great families were one great cause. There was not a Chieftain but that kept, in some remote valley in the depth of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves, in readiness to let loose against his neighbours, when, from some public or private reason, he did not judge it expedient to resent openly any real or imaginary affront. From this motive the greater Chieftain-robbers always supported the lesser, and encouraged no sort of improvement on their estates but what promoted rapine. The greatest of the heroes in the last century, was Sir Ewin Cameron. He long resisted the power of Cromwell; but, at length, was forced to submit. He lived in the neighbourhood of the garrison fixed by the Usurper at Inver-lochy.

His

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His vassals persisted in their thefts, till Cromwell sent orders to the Commanding Officer, that, on the next robbery, he should seize on the Chieftain, and execute him in twenty-four hours, in case the thief was not delivered to justice. An act of rapine soon happened: Sir Ewin received the message; who, instead of giving himself the trouble of looking out for the offender, laid hold of the first fellow he met with, and sent him bound to Inver-lochy, where he was instantly hanged. Cromwell, by this severity, put a stop to these excesses, till the time of the Restoration, when they were renewed with double violence, till the year 1745. Rob-Roy Macgregor was another distinguished hero in the latter end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science, and establishing the police above mentioned. The Duke of Montrose unfortunately was his neighbour: Rob-Roy frequently saved his Grace the trouble of gathering his rents; used to extort them from his tenants, and, at the same time, give them formal discharges. But it was neither in the power of the Duke, or any of the gentlemen he plundered, to bring him

him to justice, so strongly protected was he by several great men, to whom he was useful. Roy had his good qualities: he spent his revenue generously; and, strange to say, was a true friend to the widow and the orphan. Every period of time gives improvement to the arts. A son of Sir Ewin Cameron refined on those of Rob-Roy, and, instead of dissipating his gains, accumulated wealth. He, like Jonathan Wild the Great, never stole with his own hands, but conducted his commerce with an address, and to an extent, unknown before. He employed several companies, and set the more adroit knaves at their head; and never suffered merit to go unrewarded. He never openly received their plunder; but employed agents to purchase from them their cattle. He acquired considerable property, which he was forced to leave behind, after the battle of Culloden gave the fatal blow to all their greatness. The last of any eminence was the celebrated Borrisdale, who carried these arts to the highest pitch of perfection: besides exalting all the common practices, he improved the article of commerce, called the *black-meal*, to a degree beyond what was ever known to his predecessors. This was
a forced

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a forced levy, so called from its being commonly paid in meal, which was raised, far and wide, on the estate of every Nobleman and Gentleman, in order that their cattle might be secured from the lesser thieves, over whom he secretly presided, and protected. He raised an income of five hundred a year by these taxes; and behaved with genuine honour in restoring, on proper consideration, the stolen cattle of his friends. In this he bore some resemblance to our Jonathan; but differed, in observing a strict fidelity to his own gang: yet he was indefatigable in bringing to justice any rogues that interfered with his own. He was a man of polished behaviour, fine address, and a fine person. He considered himself in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public, and preserver of general tranquillity; for on the silver plates, the ornaments of his Baldrick, he thus addresses his broad-sword:

*Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacis componere mores,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.*

UPON the ruin of the Royal Family, and the death of the King, (Charles I.) Lord Orrery retired to Marston, in Somersetshire,
his

his seat in England, which his father had bought of Sir John Hippisley, and which was formerly part of Edmund Earl of Cornwall's estate. His Lordship used to repeat to his company a remarkable incident that happened during his residence there; which, as it will show the distress of the Royal party in those days, may perhaps be acceptable to the curious. The parish-church of Marlston is very near to the mansion-house: Lord Orrery never failed to go thither on a Sunday; but one Sunday, having sat there some time, and being disappointed of the then qualified Minister, his Lordship was preparing to return home, when his servants told him a person in the church offered to preach. His Lordship, though he looked upon the proposal only as a piece of enthusiasm, gave permission, and was never more surprised or delighted than with the sermon, which was filled with learning, sense, and piety. His Lordship would not suffer the preacher to escape unknown, but invited him to dinner; and inquiring of him his name, life, and fortune, received this answer: "My Lord, my name is Asberry; I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and a loyal subject to
 " the

" the King: I have lived three years in a poor
 " cottage under your warren-wall, within a
 " a few paces of your Lordship's house. My son
 " ~~lives~~ lives with me, and we *read* and *dig* by turns.
 " I have a little money, and some few books;
 " and I submit cheerfully to the will of Provi-
 " dence." This worthy and learned man (for
 such Lord Orrery always called him) died at
 Marston some years after; but not till his
 Lordship had obtained an allowance of 30l. per
 annum for him, without any obligation of taking
 the covenant. As a memorial of the above
 transaction, the poor cottage in which Mr.
 Asberry lived, with a little garden adjoining
 to it, was kept up in its old form by the late
 Earl of Cork and Orrery, being taken into his
 gardens; and the two rooms of which it con-
 sists, viz. a kitchen and a chamber, are fur-
 nished as much as possible in the taste of those
 times, with all sorts of useful furniture, and
 books, prints, &c. of equal antiquity.

IT is well known, that, while Voltaire was
 in England, the darling subject of his conver-
 sation was Milton; whom he once took occa-
 sion to abuse, for his episode of Death and Sin.

Whereupon a certain Wit turned the laugh against him, by the following smart Impromptu :

“ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,

“ Thou art Milton’s devil, with his Death and Sin.”

We are not told who this certain Wit was ; but if we recollect aright, it was the celebrated Dr. Young ; a writer, at that time, as well as since, of very different disposition and principles from Voltaire.

IN the reign of King William, Oliver Cromwell (grandson to the Protector) found it necessary, on some account or other, to present a petition to Parliament. He gave his petition to a friend, a Member, who took it to the House of Commons to present it. Just as this Gentleman was entering the House, with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory Member, was also going in. On sight of Sir Edward so near him, the Gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited, by certain ideas of mirth, to make the surly, sour, old Seymour, carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. “ Sir Edward,” says he,
stopping

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stopping him at the instant, “ will you do me
 “ a favour? I this moment recollect, that I
 “ must immediately attend a trial in Westmin-
 “ ster-Hall, which may detain me too late to
 “ give in this petition, as I promised to do this
 “ morning. ’Tis a mere matter of form :
 “ will you be so good as to carry it up for me ?”
 ‘ Give it me,’ said Sir Edward. The petition
 went directly into his pocket, and he into the
 House. When a vacancy happened, proper for
 producing it, the Knight put himself directly on
 his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and
 began to read with an audible voice, ‘ The
 ‘ humble petition of—of—of the devil!’ said
 Seymour, ‘ of Oliver Cromwell!’ The roar
 of laughter in the House, at seeing him so fairly
 taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to with-
 stand; so he flung down instantly the petition,
 and ran out of the House in the utmost confu-
 sion.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Bucking-
 ham, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades,
 could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax,
 and the dissolute Charles. When he alike ridi-
 culed that witty King, and his solemn Chan-

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cellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad Ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chymist; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolish ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. An instance of astonishing quickness is related of this witty Duke: being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

“ My wound is great, because it is so small;”

The Duke cried out,

‘ Then ’twou’d be greater, were it none at all.’

The play was instantly damn’d.

QUEEN MARY, having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign, signed a commission to take the same course with them in Ireland; and, to execute the same with greater force, she nominated Dr. Cole one of the commissioners.

tioners. This Doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the Mayor of that city, hearing that her Majesty was sending a commission into Ireland, he; being a churchman, waited on the Doctor; who, in discourse with the Mayor, took out of a cloak-bag a leather box; saying to him, "Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland:" [calling the Protestants by that title.] The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also having a brother, named John Edmonds, of the same faith, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the Doctor's words; but watching her convenient time, when the Mayor took his leave, and the Doctor complimented him down stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu thereof a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the knave of clubs being faced uppermost. The Doctor coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day, going to the water's side, wind and weather serving him, he sailed to Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October, 1550, at

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Dublin. Then coming to the Castle, the Lord Fitz-Walter, being Lord-Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the Privy-Council: he, coming in, after he had made a speech relating upon what account he came over, presented the box to the Lord-Deputy; who causing it to be opened, that the Secretary might read the commission, found nothing but a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; which not only startled the Lord-Deputy and Council, but the Doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the Lord-Deputy made answer, ‘ Let us have another commission, ‘ and we shall shuffle the cards in the mean ‘ while.’ The Doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned to England; and, coming to the Court, obtained another commission: but staying for a wind at the water’s side, news came to him, that the Queen was dead. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by Lord Fitz-Walter, on his return to England, that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of forty pounds a year during her life.

SIR

SIR Godfrey Kneller's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him one day, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, "It is "pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been "consulted at the creation." The painter, looking attentively at Pope, who was not a little deformed in his person, replied, 'If I 'had, I must confess, I should have made some 'THINGS better.'

THE Spanish etiquette is a certain regulation which contains all the ceremonies which the Spanish Monarchs are obliged to observe, and which they dare not, upon any pretence, break through; but yet is a greater check upon the liberty of the Queen Consort, for they are often forbid things the most innocent. The Duchess of Terra Nova, who was Camera Major to the wife of Charles II. told her Majesty plainly, 'That the Queens of Spain must not look out of the windows of the palace. There happened to this Princess an adventure, which, by the formalities of the etiquette, had like

to have lost her life. The Queen was very fond of riding; and several fine horses having been brought her from Andalusia, she had a mind to try one of them; but she had no sooner mounted, than the proud steed began to prance and caper, and at length threw the royal rider; and, what was worse, her Majesty's foot hitched in the stirrup, and the horse dragged her along, to the utmost peril of her life. All the courts were spectators of this unlucky accident, but nobody had thought of succouring the Queen: the etiquette formally opposed it; for it forbid any man whatsoever, on pain of death, to touch the Queen of Spain, and more especially her foot. We do not know why her foot, rather than her hand, should be prohibited; but, in short, that was the law, and therefore nobody durst approach her. Charles II. who had a great love for his Queen, and who, from a balcony, saw the danger she was in, cried out vehemently; but the custom was inviolable, and the untouchable foot restrained the grave Spaniards from intermeddling in so delicate an affair. At length, two brisk cavaliers, one named Don Louis de las Terres, and the other Don Jaine de Sotomajor, resolved to hazard all

in

in spite of the law of the Queen's foot. One seized the bridle of the horse; and the other laid hold of the Queen's foot, and took it out of the stirrup, and, in rendering her this service, displaced one of his fingers. When this was done, the cavaliers took the advantage of the confusion this accident occasioned, and, without stopping, went home, got their horses saddled, and fled from the punishment they had incurred, for daring to offend against so strict and so august a custom. The Queen, recovering from her fright, desired to see her two deliverers. A young Lord, their friend, told her Majesty, that they were obliged to fly the country to avoid the punishment they had merited. The Queen, who was a Frenchwoman, and knew nothing of the prerogative of her heel, and probably without this fall had ever remained ignorant of it, imagined it a very impertinent custom to punish men for saving her life. In short, she, by much intreaty, obtained their pardon from the King her husband. But notwithstanding the restraint laid on them by the etiquette, the Queens of Spain have been fond enough of gallantry, which helped to rid them of a troublesome and ridiculous

culous yoke. The wife of Philip IV. (if we may credit the historians of those days) had a liking to the Count de Montereï, and she was at a loss how to make him sensible of it. The etiquette was now fixed, which settled the ceremonial to be observed with regard to the King's amours; but no mention was made therein with respect to those of the Queen. The Princess could find no better expedient, than to drop a paper out of her hand one day when Montereï was giving her an account of an affair with which she had charged him. He took it up, and, with one knee to the ground, presented it to her. "Perhaps," says the Queen, "you imagine this paper to be of importance. I will have you judge of it." The Count therein read these words: 'I spend the night without rest, alone, dull, forming of desires: my pain is a martyrdom, but such as I take delight in.' The Count (who never imagined that a Queen of Spain could stoop so low as to discover the tenderness of her heart) seemed not to understand the meaning of the letter, and perused it in a cool manner, so natural to a Spaniard. The Queen, observing his indifference, grew outrageous, and, with

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with spite and indignation, snatched it out of his hands. "Go," says she; "you may justly say, *Domina non sum dignus.*"

THE most celebrated wits of France, in the time of Lewis XIV. lived in the greatest unanimity and harmony, and, attracted by a mutual esteem for each other's merit, formed themselves into a friendly society, and oftener than once in a week had a common supper, when the pleasures of the table were the least part of the entertainment, and where the conversation, we doubt not, was far more worthy to be recorded than that of the seven wise Greeks, related by Plutarch. Moliere, one of the gayest companions of this brilliant company, frequently entertained them at a villa he possessed on the banks of the Seine, near Paris. His worthy guests, in general, were too good judges of pleasure to let intoxication usurp the seat of wit and learning; though Bacchus was always admitted to enliven the spirit of the Muses. This agreeable party, consisting of Peter and Thomas Corneille, Racine, Chapelle, Moliere, Patrou, La Fontaine, La Bruyere, and several other respectable writers, being

being one evening at Moliere's country-house, the host, quite fatigued, was obliged to retire to rest, and leave his post to Chapelle. The Wit, in order to increase the spirits of his company, pushed the Champagne briskly about, and intoxication unperceived stole in. They began to talk of morality, and consequently of the futility of the pleasures of this world; and came at last to this conclusion: That the great object of human life should be, by some renowned action, to acquire immortal fame. From this observation, one of the company took occasion to say, "Gentlemen, this being
 "the case, since life is so worthless, and fame
 "so desirable, what can be more eligible,
 "more noble, or more glorious, than, by
 "shaking off this load of life, to acquire
 "eternal renown? My advice therefore is,
 "that we should all go together to the Seine,
 "and there heroically plunge in; and thus
 "dying in that unity with which we have
 "lived, our names and our friendship will be
 "celebrated by all posterity." The vapours of the wine had so far heated their imaginations, and clouded their judgements, that this extravagant proposition appeared highly rational.

nal. They prepared, therefore, with great solemnity, to offer this sacrifice to fame. A poor old servant, who was perfectly sober, understanding their design, ran and awaked his master. Moliere presently appeared among them, was immediately acquainted with their intention, and invited to partake of immortality. He thought it would not be prudent to oppose their design directly; but said, ‘ My dear friends, I approve your design extremely, and am very ready to enjoy so glorious a death; but by no means at this time; for posterity may insinuate, by its being performed at so late an hour, that it was not the effect of philosophy, but inebriety; and so important an action should be free even from a possibility of reflection: the only wise step, therefore, to be taken, is, that every one repair to his own bed; and that we assemble early in the morning, and then, with the coolness and serenity becoming true philosophers, carry this design into execution.’ This proposal met with universal approbation, and every one, except Moliere, retired contentedly to bed. The next morning, when these great men had recovered the use of their reason,

they

they shuddered at that rashness which, a few hours before, had appeared so glorious; and acknowledged, that the only road to real fame was, to exert their abilities in the service of literature, instead of rendering their memories detestable by an unthinking and useless act of suicide.

NOT long before Mr. Garrick left Paris, in 1765, several persons of the first distinction, of both sexes, English and French, met by appointment at the Hôtel de ——. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and Mademoiselle Clairon, were of the party. The conversation turned for some time on the Belles Lettres; in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgement and candour. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and English theatres; and, at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their talents; which produced much entertainment. This friendly contest lasted a considerable time, with great animation on both sides: the company loudly declared their approbation, in the strongest terms,

terms, of the two exhibitors. It was remarked, that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick; and that the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon. But as the greater part of the former were but little acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened in one of the provinces of France at the time he was there, and of which he had been an eye-witness. A father, he said, was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street; by one unlucky effort the child sprung from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot. What followed, he said, was a language which every body understood; for it was the language of nature. He immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped out of his arms. The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on such a company, and exhibited by this darling son of Nature, in the silent but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed; let it suffice to say,
that

that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears. As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms, and kissed him ; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct, by saying, it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

BLONDEL was a poet, of whom it is not exactly told when he lived or died, otherwise than he is found to have been known to Richard the First, King of England, who died in 1199. A good French chronicle contains the following anecdote : Richard having had, in the Holy Wars, a quarrel with Leopold, Duke of Austria, was afraid, at his return home, to pass in his public character through the Austrian dominions, for fear of the Duke ; or through those of France, for fear of King Philip Augustus ; and therefore travelled in disguise. But the Duke, being informed of his arrival, seized him, and confined him in a castle, where he remained prisoner, none knowing, for a long time, where he was. King Richard had retained in his service a minstrel, or bard, whose name was Blondel. The bard, missing his
master,

master, felt his subsistence cut short, and the happiness of his life very much impaired. He found the account well verified of the King's departure from the Holy Land; but met with none that could tell, with certainty, whither he was gone; and therefore wandered over many countries, to try whether he could find him by any intelligence. It happened, after a considerable time thus spent, that Blondel came to a city near the castle in which King Richard, his master, was confined; and, asking his host to whom it belonged, was told, that it was one of the fortresses of the Duke of Austria. Blondel then inquired, Whether there were any prisoners in it? (which was a question he always took some indirect method of introducing), and was answered by his host, that there was one prisoner, who had been there about a year, but that he was not able to tell who he was. Blondel, having received this information, made use of the general reception which minstrels find, to make acquaintance in the castle: but though he was admitted, he could never obtain a sight of the prisoner, to know whether he was the King; till one day he placed himself over against a window of the tower where King Richard was kept,

and began to sing a French song which they had formerly composed together. When the King heard the song, he knew that the singer was Blondel; and when half of it was sung, he began the other half, and completed it. Blondel, then knowing the residence and condition of the King his master, went back to England, and related the adventure to the English Barons. Richard was soon after released from his captivity, on paying two thirds of 150,000 marks of silver, and giving hostages for the remainder.

A French author has preserved the very song itself, in the old Provençal; of which the first six lines were by Blondel, and the conclusion by the King. He gives it as follows:

B. Domna vostra beutas
 Elas bellas faissos
 Els bels oïls amoros
 Eis gens cors bens taillats
 Don sieu empresenats
 De vostra amor que mi lia.

K. Si bel trop affansia
 Ja de vos non partrai
 Que major honorai
 Sol en vostre deman
 Que sautra des beisan
 Tot can de vos volria.

WHEN

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WHEN the *Recruiting Officer* was first represented, Wilks was the Captain Plume, and Pinkethman one of the recruits. The Captain, when he enlisted him, asked his name: instead of answering as he ought, Pinkey replied, "Why, don't you know my name, Bob? I thought every fool had known that!" Wilks, in rage, whispered to him the name of the recruit, 'Thomas Appletree.' The other retorted aloud, "Thomas Appletree! Thomas Devil! My name is Will Pinkethman:" And immediately addressing an inhabitant of the upper regions, he said, "Hark you, friend; don't you know my name?"—"Yes, Master Pinkey," said a respondent, "we know it very well." The playhouse was now in an uproar: the audience at first enjoyed the petulant folly of Pinkethman, and the distress of Wilks; but in the progress of the joke, it grew tiresome, and Pinkey met with his deserts—a very severe reprimand—in a hiss; and this mark of displeasure he changed into applause, by crying out, with a countenance as melancholy as he could make it, in a loud nasal twang, "Odsso! I fear I am wrong!"

AT the close of an election at Lewes, the late Duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. "My dear friend, I love you dearly! You're the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! What can I do for you?" "May it please your Grace, an Exciseman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he dies." "Aye, that you shall, with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend! Be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Come to Court! If I am not at Court, never rest till you find me! Not the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the King and I were talking secrets together in the Cabinet!" The voter swallowed every thing with ecstacy; and, scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait, in faith, for the death of the Exciseman. The latter

latter took his leave of this wicked world in the ensuing winter. As soon as ever the Duke's friend was apprised of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn-Fields about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble Duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic Majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the time in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the Duke would not retire to his rest, till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, "Yes, "his Grace has been in bed some time; but "we were directed to awaken him, as soon as "ever you came." "Ah, God bless him! I

' know that the Duke always told me I should
 ' be welcome, by night or by day. Pray show
 ' me up.' The happy visitor was scarcely
 conducted to the door, when he rushed into the
 room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried
 out, ' My Lord, he's dead !' " That's well,
 " my dear friend ; I'm glad of it, with all my
 " soul. When did he die ?" ' The morning
 ' before last, an't please your Grace.' " What,
 " so lately ! Why, my worthy, good creature,
 " you must have flown : the lightning itself
 " could not travel half so fast as you ! Tell
 " me, you best of men, how I shall reward
 " you ?" ' All I wish for, in this world, is,
 ' that your Grace would please to remember
 ' your kind promise, and appoint me to suc-
 ' ceed him.' " You, you blockhead ! You
 " King of Spain ! What family pretensions
 " can you have ? Let's look at you." By this
 time the astonished Duke threw back the cur-
 tains, and recollected the face of his electio-
 neering friend ; but it was seen with rage and
 disappointment. To have robbed him of his
 rest, might easily have been forgiven ; but to
 have fed him with a groundless supposition that
 the King of Spain was dead, became a matter
 of

of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length, the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the present times, may seem at least as honourable—he made him an Excise-man.

THE late Duke of Montague was no less remarkable for his wit and humour, than he was for his whims and frolics, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself; as will appear from the following adventure. Soon after the conclusion of the peace in 1748, he had observed, that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared, at a certain hour, in the Park, walking to and fro in the Mall, with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing

in the fun. This man the Duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some inquiry concerning him, and soon learnt, that he was an unfortunate, poor creature, who, having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment ; but, upon conclusion of the peace, had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the Duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose ; but he learnt, upon further inquiry, that the Captain, having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down to Yorkshire, whither he instantly transmitted them the moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them nearer London, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where he alone could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the Duke's genius, and he immediately began his operation. After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the Captain was sitting alone, busied in thought, to send his Gentleman to him, with
his

his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The Duke, having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard. He saw his intended guest start, at length, from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses, when it was repeated to him. In short, he saw, with infinite satisfaction, all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man, addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and, as the sport depended on the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality, on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the Captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed. When he came, the Duke received him with particular marks of civility; and, taking him aside, with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him, that he had desired the favour of his company to dine,
chiefly

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chiefly upon account of a Lady who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish, without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought such an act of civility (whatever might be the opinion of the world) would be no imputation on his honour. During this discourse, the Duke enjoyed the profound astonishment, and the various changes of confusion, that appeared in the Captain's face; who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the Duke perceived he was labouring, in the best manner he could, to insinuate that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and, therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the Duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe, upon good evidence, to be true. When word was brought that dinner was served, the Captain entered the dining-room with curiosity and wonder; but
his

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his wonder was unspeakably increased, when he saw, at the table, his own wife and children. The Duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire ; and had as much, if not more, astonished the Lady, than he had done her husband ; to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter. It is much more easy to conceive than describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary : it is sufficient to say, that it afforded the Duke the highest entertainment ; who, at length, with much difficulty, quietly seated them at his table, and persuaded them to eat, without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. Soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the Duke, that his lawyer attended about some business, by his Grace's order. The Duke, willing to have a short truce with the various inquiries of the Captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who, pulling out a deed that the Duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read ; when, to complete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor Captain and his wife,

wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement, which the Duke had made upon them, of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotions of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it to the Captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments; "for," says he, "I assure you, it is the last thing I would have done, if I thought I could have employed my money, or my time, more to my satisfaction, in any other way."

WHEN the late Mr. Sterne was on his travels through France, and being one day at Versailles, he fell in company with Count de B—, who, in the course of conversation (which turned chiefly upon national characters), asked him, How he liked the French? The reader may suppose, that, after so obliging a proof of courtesy, he could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry. "*Mais passe, pour cela.*" "Speak frankly," said the Count; "do you find all the urbanity in the French, which the world give us the honour of?" "I have found every thing," replied Yorick, "which

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“ which confirms it.” ‘ *Vraiment,*’ said the Frenchman; ‘ *les François sont polis.*’ “ To “ an excess!” returned Sterne. The Count took notice of the word *excess*; and would have it, the other meant more than he said; who defended himself a long time, as well as he could, against it. The former insisted he had a reserve, and desired he would speak frankly. “ I believe, Monsieur le Comte,” said Sterne, “ that man, as well as an instrument, has a certain compass, and that the social and other “ calls have occasion by turns for every key in “ him; so that, if you begin a note too high, “ or too low, there must be a want either in “ the upper or under part, to fill up the system “ of harmony.” The Count *de B—* did not understand music, so desired him (Mr. Sterne) to explain it some other way. “ A polished “ nation, my dear Count,” continues Mr. Sterne, “ makes every one its debtor; and, “ besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has “ so many charms, it goes against the heart to “ say it can do ill: and yet, I believe, there “ is but a certain line of perfection that man, “ take him all together, is impowered to arrive “ at: if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges “ qualities

“ qualities than gets them. I must not presume
 “ to say, how far this has affected the French
 “ in the subject we are speaking of; but,
 “ should it ever be the case of the English, in
 “ the progress of their refinements, to arrive
 “ at the same polish which distinguishes the
 “ French, if we did not lose the *politesse de*
 “ *cœur*, which inclines men more to humane
 “ actions than courteous ones, we should at least
 “ lose that distinct variety and originality of
 “ character which distinguishes them, not only
 “ from each other, but from all the world
 “ besides.” Sterne had a few King William’s
 shillings, as smooth as glass, in his pocket;
 and, foreseeing they would be of use in the
 illustration of his hypothesis, had got them
 into his hand, when he had proceeded so far.
 “ See, Monsieur le Comte,” said he, rising up,
 and laying them before him upon the table;
 “ by jingling and rubbing one against another
 “ for seventy years together, in one body’s
 “ pocket or another’s, they are become so
 “ much alike, you can scarce distinguish one
 “ shilling from another. The English, like
 “ ancient medals, kept more apart, and pass-
 “ ing but few people’s hands, preserve the
 “ first

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“ first sharpnesses which the fine hand of na-
 “ ture has given them : they are not so plea-
 “ sant to feel ; but, in return, the legend is so
 “ visible, that, at the first look, you see whose
 “ image and superscription they bear. But the
 “ French, Monsieur le Comte,” added Sterne,
 wishing to soften what he had said, “ have so
 “ many excellencies, they can the better spare
 “ this : they are a loyal, a gallant, generous,
 “ an ingenious, and good-tempered people,
 “ as is under Heaven ; if they have a fault,
 “ they are too *serious*.” “ *Mon Dieu !*” cried
 the Count, rising out of his chair. “ *Mais*
 “ *vous plaisantez,*” said he, correcting his ex-
 clamation. Sterne laid his hand upon his
 breast, and, with earnest gravity, assured him,
 it was his settled opinion. Here the conversa-
 tion ended, the Count being engaged to go to
 dine with the Duc de C——.

AT a contested election for a Member to
 serve in Parliament for the town of Arundel,
 in Suffex, Government strenuously interfered,
 and that so openly, as to send Sir George Jef-
 ferys, then Lord Chancellor, with instructions
 to use every method to procure the return of the
 Court

Court Candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings, close by the Returning Officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. This Officer well knew the Chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank. In the course of the poll, that Magistrate, who scrutinised every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the Court party; at which Jefferys rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections, declared the man should poll; adding, "I am 'the Lord Chancellor of this realm.'" The Mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied, 'Your ungentleman-like behaviour convinces me, it is impossible you should be the person you pretend; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside:' then turning to the Crier, 'Officer!' said he, 'turn that fellow out of Court.' His commands were obeyed without hesitation; the Chancellor retired to his inn, in great confusion; and the election terminated in favour of

of the popular candidate. In the evening, the Mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment: "Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute, the law; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent; but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for: if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant." Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgements of the party to whom it was made: he, having a nephew in no affluent circumstances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

IT was generally supposed, on the accession of the late King, that Sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employments with disgrace, as it was well known that both the Prince and Princess had retained strong resentments against him, on account of some parts of his behaviour towards them, during the rupture between the two Courts. Accordingly, on the death of the old King, some immediate proofs were given, that such was the intention. Sir Robert was himself the bearer of the tidings, and, arriving in the night, when the Prince was a-bed, sent to desire an audience upon business of the utmost consequence, which would admit of no delay. The Prince refused to see him, and ordered him to send in his business; upon which he gave an account of the death of the late King, and said he waited there to receive his Majesty's commands. The King still persisted in refusing to see him, and bad him send Sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly saw his downfall had been predetermined, and hastened to Sir Spencer with humblest tenders of his service, begging his protection, and earnestly intreating that he
would

would screen him from farther persecution. When this story had got abroad, the habitation of the last Minister became desolate, and the whole tribe of Courtiers, as usual, crowded to the levée of the new Favourite. Yet, in no long space of time afterwards, to the astonishment of the whole world, Sir Robert was reinstated in his post, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to supplant his competitor, and reinstate himself in full possession of his power; while the true cause of this surprising change remained a secret, and was known only to a very few; nor has it yet been publicly divulged to the world.

Soon after the accession of George the First, it is well known the Whigs divided among themselves, and split into two parties, in violent opposition to each other. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, were the leaders of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Devonshire, and the Chancellor, of the other. It happened at that time, that the former were victorious; and the discarded party, in resentment, paid their court at Leicester-house. Walpole had

thought of a particular measure to distress their opponents, which he communicated to the heads of his party: it was approved of; and some of them thought that the Prince should be let into it: but Walpole would by no means agree to this; and, in his usual coarse way, said, that the Prince would communicate it to his wife, and that fat-a——d b—h would divulge the secret. By some means or other the Princess was informed of this; and it is to be supposed that the impression which so gross an affront had made on the mind of a woman, and a woman of her rank too, was not easily to be erased. “*Manet altâ mente repostum,*” &c. After the necessary business upon the new accession had been finished, the affair of the Queen’s settlement, in case she should outlive the King, came on the carpet. Her Majesty expected that it should be at the rate of 100,000l. a year; but Sir Spencer Compton would not agree to this, and thought 60,000l. an ample provision, and as much as could be proposed with any prospect of success. While this dispute subsisted, Sir Robert Walpole found means to acquaint the Queen privately, by one of his confidants, that if he were Minister, he would

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would undertake to secure to her the settlement she demanded; upon which the Queen sent him back this remarkable answer: "Go tell Sir Robert, that the fat-a——d b—h has forgiven him." He was accordingly, soon after, by the well-known ascendancy which the Queen had over the King, declared First Minister; and Sir Spencer Compton removed to the Upper House with the title of the Earl of Wilmington.

OF the many instances of humanity recorded of the celebrated Mr. Nash, King of Bath, the *Spectator* takes notice of one, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged, "For making one man happy, *ten pounds.*" Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an *item*, he frankly declared, that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children, that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Ma-

sters, struck with such an uncommon instance of good-nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

The above circumstance probably took its rise from the following story. A Gentleman told Mr. Nash one day, " He had just come
 " from seeing the most pitiful sight his eyes
 " ever beheld ; a poor man and his wife, surrounded with seven helpless infants, almost
 " all perishing for want of food, raiment, and
 " lodging ; their apartment was as dreary as
 " the street itself, from the weather beating in
 " upon them from all quarters ; that, upon inquiry, he found the parents were honest and
 " sober, and wished to be industrious, if they
 " had employment ; that he had calculated the
 " expence of making the whole family comfortable and happy." ' How much money,' exclaims Nash, ' would relieve, and make them
 ' happy ?' " About ten guineas," replied the friend, " would be sufficient for the purpose." Nash instantly went to his bureau, and gave him the cash ; at the same time pressing him to make all possible haste, for fear of the sudden dissolution of the miserable family. " I
 " need

“ need not go far,’ says the friend, smiling, and putting the money into his pocket: “ you
 “ know you have owed me this money a long
 “ while; that I have dunned you for it, for
 “ years, to no manner of purpose: excuse me,
 “ therefore, that I have thus imposed on your
 “ *feelings*, not being able to move your justice;
 “ for there are no such objects as I have de-
 “ scribed, to my knowledge: the story is a
 “ fiction from beginning to end: you are a
 “ dupe, not of *justice*, but of your own *huma-*
 “ *nity*.”

THOUGH desert is generally accounted the chief road to an honourable bed in Westminster-abbey, yet some have crept in through private avenues; such as Hargrave, a Nabob, who was said to have acquired a vast fortune in the East by dishonourable means. His ambition and his money conducted him to this distinguished repository, and erected a first-rate monument over him.

This monument is descriptive of the Resurrection; the earth and the skies are seen tumbling to-pieces, while the Angel above is sounding the last trumpet. The defunct is repre-

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sented as rising from the grave, with astonishment in his face, and opening a curtain to see what is the matter. Some Westminster wag wrote under the figure,

Lie still, if you're wise;
You'll be d—n'd, if you rise.

MR. GARRICK sent the following Lines to Sir George Lyttelton, who asked him if he did not intend to sit in Parliament? 1755.

More than content with what my labours gain;
Of public *favours* though a little vain;
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play *the fool* in Parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err,
Mistaking *time*, and *place*, and *character*.
Were it my fate to quit the mimic Art,
I'd 'strut and fret' no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the *cap* and *mask* on any stage.

THE following anecdote of Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was often mentioned by the late Earl of Chesterfield. We shall give it in his Lordship's own words: "I went to Mr. Pope one morning at Twickenham, and
" found

“ found a large folio Bible, with gilt clasps,
 “ lying before him upon his table; and, as I
 “ knew his way of thinking upon that book,
 “ I asked him, jocosely, if he was going to
 “ write an answer to it?” “ It is a present,”
 said he, “ or rather a legacy, from my old
 “ friend the Bishop of Rochester. I went to
 “ take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower,
 “ where I saw this Bible upon his table. After
 “ the first compliments, the Bishop said to me,
 “ My friend Pope, considering your infirmities,
 “ and my age and exile, it is not likely that
 “ we should ever meet again; and therefore
 “ I give you this legacy to remember me by
 “ it: take it home with you, and let me ad-
 “ vise you to abide by it.” “ Does your Lord-
 “ ship abide by it yourself?” “ I do.” “ If
 “ you do, my Lord, it is but lately. May I
 “ beg to know what new light or arguments
 “ have prevailed with you now, to entertain an
 “ opinion so contrary to that which you enter-
 “ tained of that Book all the former part of
 your life?” The Bishop replied, “ We have
 “ not time to talk of these things: but take
 “ home the book; I will abide by it; and I
 “ recommend to you to do so too; and so God
 “ bless you.”

THE story of Nell Gwynn (one of Charles II.'s mistresses) paying the debt of a worthy Clergyman, whom, as he was going through the city, she saw some bailiffs hurrying to prison, is a known fact; as is also that of her being insulted in her coach at Oxford, by the mob, who mistook her for the Duchess of Portsmouth (another mistress to that merry Monarch); upon which she looked out of the window, and said, with her usual good-humour, "Pray, good people, be civil: I am the Protestant whore." This laconic speech drew upon her the blessings of the populace, who suffered her to proceed without further molestation.

MR. DRYDEN happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something

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something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him. Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man most tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, Gentlemen; and I believe each and every one of you will approve my judgement:"

' I promise

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*‘ I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq; or
 ‘ order, on demand, the sum of Five
 ‘ Hundred Pounds.*

‘ DORSET.’

“ I must confess,” continued Dryden, “ that
 “ I am equally charmed with the style and the
 “ subject; and I flatter myself, Gentlemen,
 “ that I stand in need of no arguments to in-
 “ duce you to join with me in opinion against
 “ yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds
 “ any other, whether ancient or modern. It
 “ is not the essence, but the quintessence of
 “ language; and is, in fact, reason and argu-
 “ ment surpassing every thing.” The com-
 pany all readily concurred with the Bard; and
 each person present was forward to express a
 due admiration of his Lordship’s penetration,
 sound judgement, and superior abilities; with
 which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great
 judge upon such occasions, was still more tho-
 roughly satisfied than any of the company.

SOME years ago, one of our Alexanders at
 a groat a-day, as Voltaire somewhere ironically
 observes, Richard Middleton by name, attend-
 ing

ing divine service with the rest of the regiment, in a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a Bible, like his brother soldiers, to find the Parson's text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, both by the Clergyman, and the serjeant of the company to which he belonged. The latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards; and, on his refusal, conducted him, after church, before the Mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent behaviour during divine service. "Well, soldier," said the Mayor, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange, scandalous behaviour? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished for it." "Since your Honour is so good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to speak for myself; an't please your Worship, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of sixpence a day, which your Honour will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries; and consequently

'quently that he may want, without a Bible,
 'Prayer-Book, or any other good book.' On
 saying this, Richard drew out his pack of
 cards, and, presenting one of the aces to the
 Mayor, continued his address to the magistrate,
 as follows: 'When I see an Ace, may it please
 'your Honour, it reminds me, that there is
 'only one God; and, when I look upon a Two,
 'or a Three, the former puts me in mind of the
 'Father and Son; the latter, of the Father,
 'Son, and Holy Ghost; a Four calls to my
 'remembrance the Four Evangelists, Matthew,
 'Mark, Luke, and John; a Five, the five wise
 'virgins, who were ordered to trim their lamps
 '(there were ten, indeed; but five, your Wor-
 'ship may remember, were wise, and five were
 'foolish); a Six, that in six days God created
 'Heaven and earth; a Seven, that on the se-
 'venth day he rested from all that he had
 'made; an Eight, of the eight righteous per-
 'sons preserved from the deluge, viz. Noah
 'and his wife, with his three sons, and their
 'wives; a Nine, of the lepers cleansed by our
 'Saviour (there were ten, but one only re-
 'turned to offer his tribute of thanks); and a
 'Ten, of the ten commandments.' Richard
 then

then took the Knave, placed it beside him and passed on to the Queen ; on which he observed as follows : ‘ This Queen reminds me
 ‘ of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the
 ‘ uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon ; as her companion, the
 ‘ King, does of the great King of Heaven,
 ‘ and of King George the Third.’ “ Well,” returned the Mayor, “ you have given me a
 “ very good description of all the cards, except the Knave.” ‘ If your Honour will not
 ‘ be angry with me,’ returned Richard, ‘ I can
 ‘ give you the same satisfaction on that, as any
 ‘ in the pack.’ “ No,” said the Mayor.
 ‘ Well,’ returned the soldier, ‘ the greatest
 ‘ knave I know is the serjeant, who brought
 ‘ me before you.’ “ I don’t know,” replied the Mayor, “ whether he be the greatest knave
 “ or no; but I am sure he is the greatest fool.” The soldier then continued as follows : ‘ When
 ‘ I count the number of dots in a pack of cards,
 ‘ there are three hundred and sixty-five ; so
 ‘ many days are there in a year : when I count
 ‘ how many cards are in a pack, I find fifty-
 ‘ two ; so many weeks are there in a year :
 ‘ when I reckon how many tricks are won by
 ‘ a pack

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- * a pack, I find there are thirteen ; so many
- * months are there in a year : so that this pack
- * of cards is Bible, Almanack, and Prayer-
- * Book, to me.'

NOT long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrun (who had been one of her attendants, became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved—a loss which had been occasioned by grief for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princess, to whose retinue he had also belonged) formed a resolution to revenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of England, with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her ; one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity should offer ; and one to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd, in order to get near her Majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of the pistols. This circumstance being observed by
the

he guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison. The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun; I was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive that bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose. I found myself constrained to prove, by experience, the truth of the maxim, That neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love." Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness, and answered it with moderation. ' You are

‘persuaded, then,’ said her Majesty, ‘that in
 ‘this step you have done nothing but what
 ‘your duty required? What think you is my
 ‘duty to you?’ “Is that question put in the
 “character of a Queen, or that of a Judge?”
 replied Margaret, with the same intrepid firm-
 ness. Elizabeth professed to her, it was in that
 of a Queen. “Then,” continued Lambrun,
 “it is your Majesty’s duty to grant me a par-
 “don.” ‘But what security,’ demanded the
 Queen, ‘can you give me, that you will not
 ‘make the like attempt upon some future oc-
 ‘casion?’ “A favour ceases to be one, Ma-
 “dam,” replied Margaret, “when it is
 “yielded under such restraints: in doing so,
 “your Majesty would act against me as a Judge.”
 ‘I have been thirty years a Queen,’ cried Eli-
 zabeth, turning to the Courtiers then present,
 ‘and had never such a lecture read to me be-
 ‘fore:’ and she immediately granted the par-
 don entire and unconditional, as it had been
 desired, in opposition to the opinion of the
 President of the Council, who told her Majesty,
 that he thought she ought to have punished so
 daring an offender. The fair criminal, how-
 ever, gave an admirable proof of her prudence,
 in

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in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom: with which request also Elizabeth cheerfully complied; and Margaret Lambrun, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted.—“ I am almost

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“dying with fatigue and hunger,” answered the Czar; “can you give me a lodging for “one night?”—“Alas!” said the peasant, taking him by the hand, ‘you will have but ‘poor fare here: you are come at an unlucky ‘time: my wife is in labour; her cries will not ‘let you sleep: but come in, come in; you ‘will at least be sheltered from the cold; and ‘such as we have you shall be welcome to.’—The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room, full of children: in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a girl, three years old, was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous plaints and groans were distinctly heard.—‘Stay here,’ said the peasant to the Emperor; ‘I will go, ‘and get something for your supper.’—He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey.—‘You see all I can give you,’ said the peasant; ‘partake of it with my children. I must go and assist my wife.’—“Your “charity, your hospitality,” said the Czar, “must bring down blessings upon your house: “I am

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“ I am sure God will reward your goodness.”
—“ Pray to God, my good friend,” replied the peasant, “ pray to God Almighty, that she may ‘ have a safe delivery : that is all I wish for.’—
“ And is that all you wish to make you happy ?”
—“ Happy ! judge for yourself. I have five fine ‘ children ; a dear wife that loves me ; a father ‘ and mother both in good health ; and my ‘ labour is sufficient to maintain them all.’—
“ Do your father and mother live with you ?”
—“ Certainly ; they are in the next room with ‘ my wife.’—“ But your cottage here is so very ‘ small !”—“ It is large enough ; it can hold ‘ us all.’—The good peasant then went to his wife, who an hour after was happily delivered. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar : ‘ Look,’ said he, ‘ look ; ‘ this is the sixth she has brought me ! What ‘ a fine hearty child he is ! May God preserve ‘ him, as he has done my others !’—The Czar, sensibly affected at this scene, took the infant in his arms : “ I know,” said he, “ from the “ physiognomy of this child, that he will be “ quite fortunate : he will arrive, I am cer- “ tain, at great preferment.”—The peasant smiled at this prediction ; and at that instant

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the two eldest girls came to kiss their new-born brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment, the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked round, and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderness and emotion --- the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage.—“What a happy calm! What “delightful tranquillity!” said the Emperor: “Avarice and Ambition, Suspicion and Remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the “sleep of Innocence!”—In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at break of day; and his guest, taking leave of him, said, “I must return to Moscow, “my friend: I am acquainted there with a “very benevolent man, to whom I shall take “care to mention your kind treatment of me. “I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to “your child. Promise me, therefore, that you “will wait for me, that I may be present at
“the

“ the christening : I will be back in three hours
 “ at farthest.”—The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise ; but, in the good-nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger’s request. The Czar immediately took his leave : the three hours were soon gone ; and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church ; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard, on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all run out in a hurry, and stand before their door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed a circular line ; and, at last, the state-coach of the Czar stopped, opposite the good peasant’s door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their Sovereign had collected together. The coach-door was opened ; the Czar alighted ; and, advancing to his host, ~~this~~ addressed him : “ I promised you a godfather ; I am
 “ come to fulfill my promise ; give me your
 M 4 “ child,

“ child, and follow me to church.”—The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to a crowd of Nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger, who had lain all night with him upon straw. The Emperor, for some moments, silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: “ Yesterday *you* performed the duties of “ humanity: to-day *I* am come to discharge “ the most delightful duty of a Sovereign, that “ of recompensing Virtue. I shall not remove “ you from a situation to which you do so much “ honour, and the innocence and tranquillity “ of which I envy: but I will bestow upon you “ such things as may be useful to you. You “ shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, “ and a house that will enable you to exercise “ the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your “ new-born child shall become my ward; for “ you may remember,” continued the Emperor, smiling, “ that I prophesied he would be “ fortunate.”—The good peasant could not speak;

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peak ; but, with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent Sovereign was quite affected : he took the child in his arms, and carried him himself to church ; and, after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him, as soon as he could be weaned. The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

THE late Mr. Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia (her real name was Wilmot) : they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson. " Would " to Heaven," said he, pointing to the trees, " that Delia could be happy in the midst of " these rustic avenues !" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast,

breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money," says he, "is not worth struggling for: you cannot be poorer than I am. Unhappy man!" says he, throwing him his purse, "take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that, as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and, addressing himself to his wife, 'Take,' says he, 'the dear-bought price of my honesty:' then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, 'I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;' and immediately burst into a flood of tears. This tale of distress greatly affected Shenstone. He inquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to
his

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his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings, and other improvements, which made himself so poor; and, when Shenstone died, this labourer bedewed his grave with true tears of gratitude.

AT the time of the great contested election for Representatives of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in 1749, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were Candidates, the late Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court-Party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Jonson's Head, in Ruffel-street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the Doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that Gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness, that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the Doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment

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astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants. "Hey-day! "What's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Why would you get out of bed without my direction?" "Dear Doctor," says poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to 'poll.'" "To poll!" replies the Doctor, with some warmth (supposing he was of the same opinion with his fair rib), "going to the Devil, you mean! Why, do you know, that the cold air may destroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue." "Oh! if that is the case, Sir," returns the patient, in a feeble voice, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, Sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-Garden church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput." "How, Joe! for Sir George!" "Yes, Sir: I wish him heartily well." "Do you?" says the medical politician. "Hold! nurse, don't pull off his stockings again. Let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well; a good firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night?" "Yes, Doctor; but they

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‘ they made me very sick.’ “ Aye, so much
“ the better. How did your master sleep,
“ nurse?” “ Oh, charmingly, Sir.” “ Did
“ he? Well, if his mind be uneasy about this
“ election, he must be indulged. Diseases of
“ the mind greatly affect those of the body.
“ Come, come, throw a great coat or a blanket
“ about him. It is a fine day: but the sooner
“ he goes, the better; the sun will be down
“ very early. Here, here, lift him up. A-
“ dad! a ride will do him good. He shall go
“ with me to the hustings in my chariot.”

The Doctor was directly obeyed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried in the chariot to the place of poll, where he gave his voice according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people; and, two hours after his physical friend had left him at his own house, absolutely departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court-Party.

SOME time after Mr. Foote was married, Lady N—P—— made some overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam was an intimate and familiar companion of the
late

late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, whose finances at that time were much straitened, and some expedient was requisite to raise the necessary supplies. Foote, knowing the embarrassment of his friend, informed him of her Ladyship's disposition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a scheme whereby the Knight might make sure of her Ladyship and her fortune, which was said to be about ninety thousand pounds, in the funds, besides other possessions. The project was concerted. Mr. Foote informed Lady P—, that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjurer, in the Old-Bailey, who foretold such events as were almost incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from several of his friends such very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened precisely as mentioned by the conjurer, that his incredulity was not a little staggered. Her Ladyship snapped at the bait; and the late facetious Jemmy Worfdale was appointed to personate the conjurer, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician.

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cian. Jemmy, being acquainted with her Ladyship's affairs, told her the most remarkable transactions, to her great astonishment. He then acquainted her Ladyship, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the most important of her whole life. Her Ladyship being very inquisitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "That she was upon the point of being married." "Indeed!" said she: "pray, Mr. Conjurer, to whom?" "I am not," he replied, "at liberty to acquaint you, at present, who is the person; but I can acquaint you when and where you will see him, and point out to you his dress." "Bless me! tell me, I beg of you." "On Thursday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there observe a tall, fair Gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver: he will bow to a person in your company, the first time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your husband." Her Ladyship asked no more questions, but resolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjurer had mentioned.

Delaval

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Delaval appeared dressed precisely as described, bowed, joined, and, in three days, married her Ladyship.

IN the reign of that unfortunate Monarch, whose abdication put a period to the regal honours of the House of Stuart, Dr. Wallis was then Dean of Waterford, in Ireland; and, during the troubles of that unhappy country at that period, suffered greatly in his private fortune, from his strong attachment to the Protestant faith. After peace was restored, and our religion firmly established by the accession of King William, Wallis was presented to the Court of London, as a Gentleman who had well merited the Royal patronage: the King had before heard the story of his sufferings, and therefore, immediately turning to the Dean, desired him to choose any church-preferment then vacant. Wallis (with all the modesty incident to men of real worth), after a due acknowledgement of the Royal favour, requested the Deanery of Derry. "How!" replied the King, in a transport of surprise, "ask the Deanery, when you must know the Bishoprick of that very place is also vacant!"

' True,

‘ True, my Liege,’ replied Wallis, ‘ I do know
 ‘ it, but could not in honesty demand so great
 ‘ a benefice ; conscious there are many other
 ‘ Gentlemen who have suffered more than my-
 ‘ self, and deserved better at your Majesty’s
 ‘ hands : I therefore presume to repeat my for-
 ‘ mer request.’ It is needless to add, his re-
 quest was granted. They parted : the Dean
 highly satisfied with his visit, and the King
 astonished at the noble instance of disinterested-
 ness he had just been a witness of. What a
 mind did this man possess ! How praise-wor-
 thy ! How laudable an example to his cloth !
 How different from the greedy pluralists of
 this age ! How many of our dignified clergy
 can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say,
 with the Dean of Derry, ‘ I am satisfied !’

IMMEDIATELY after the fatal battle of
 Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry
 VI. his son and Queen (the illustrious Marga-
 ret of Anjou, of whom the Abbé Provost has
 given us so entertaining a history), afraid of
 trusting to any person’s fidelity, fled for refuge
 into woods and deserts, where they suffered all
 the extremity of distress, till at length they

were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prisoners to make their escape. They had not proceeded far, when they were met by another ruffian, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect. On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, "There, friend," said she, "save my son, the son of good King Henry." The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his Queen and Prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea-side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

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YE lovers of Anecdotes, read the following beautiful lines:—when ye have read them, ye shall know to whom they appertain.

To Miss L——.

SWEET Echo! vocal nymph, whose mimic tongue
Return'd the music of my Delia's song,
Oh! still repeat the soft enchanting lay
That gently steals the ravih'd soul away!
Shall sounds like these in circling air be lost,
And in the stream of vulgar noises lost?
Ye guardian Sylphs, who listen while she sings,
Bear the sweet accents on your rosy wings;
With studious care the fading notes retain,
Nor let that tuneful breath be spent in vain!
Yet if too soon the transient pleasures fly,
A charm more lasting shall their loss supply,
While harmony, with each attractive grace,
Plays in the fair proportion of her face,
Where each soft air, engaging and serene,
Beats measure to the well-tun'd mind within.
Alike her singing and her silence move,
Whose voice is music, and whose looks are love!

This little *morceau* was published some years since in the news-papers—we will not say by Mr. Tickell, but in his name; and his Wife was said to be the subject. As she had been a

public finger on the stage (as well as her sister, Mrs. Sheridan), and as Mr. Tickell had taken her from it, the lines were extremely to his purpose, and they were swallowed by the public as his. But they are to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, so far back as the year 1740. They were inscribed to a Miss L——, most luckily for those who wished to give the reputation of them to the husband of Miss Linley. But the fair, the unhappy object of them, was called Miss Lynch; not a public finger, but of a genteel family, in an Eastern county.

“But why unhappy?” Listen to the pathetic story. Miss Lynch, with all that loveliness, all that sweetness, all that harmony, described in those verses, had many opportunities of marriage; but her heart was devoted, and she reserved her hand to bestow with it. The person thus honoured by her partiality was then in a learned profession—he is so still; but so high—so very high!—that it becomes not us to direct the finger of censure towards him. He was then a young man, and susceptible of the fascination to which the gloomiest characters,

characters, the haughtiest, and the most frigid, must at some period or other bow down. Miss Lynch, in yielding this personage her heart, believed herself only returning a pure and ardent passion. Her father's house was within a few miles of a city, to which, in the course of his profession, this Gentleman was frequently carried. He used to be invited to sleep there, and received every mark of hospitality from its amiable inhabitants. His addresses to the young Lady were open; and their marriage was expected, by her friends, as an event not more desirable than certain. Whether the Gentleman, in his conduct towards her, had formed a regular system of seduction, or whether accident and unlooked-for opportunity occasioned her ruin, was never known; but ruined she was. Her parents discovered she was with child—they at first believed that a private marriage had taken place; and were piqued that an union, to which they had looked forward with so much pleasure, should be solemnized without their participating the felicity.

How, or at what period, the miserable Lady made her parents acquainted with her misfor-

tune, was never made public ; but the agonies, the horrors, which on every side attended the discovery, may be in some measure conceived. The lover was written to : he returned no answer. He was threatened—without avail. The Lady herself wrote, to supplicate, to plead for her fame, for her life ! but all in vain. In this conflict the weeks and months wore away, and she became a mother !—a mother without a husband !

Some motive at length operated on the lover. Whether it was shame, or repentance, or fear that his practice might be injured by so black a trait of character, we know not—but surely it could not be love. He arrived, however, three days after the birth of his child, and presenting himself at the bed-side of its mother—“ I am come,” he said, “ to marry “ you.” The Lady replied, with an indignant air, ‘ You are come too late ! My family ‘ are covered with disgrace, and my parents ‘ are sinking beneath their daughter’s shame— ‘ a shame you cannot now wipe out. Had you ‘ married me before I became the mother of a ‘ b——d, and before my dishonour was divulged to the world, a whole life of grateful
‘ and

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‘ and submissive love should have repaid you ;
‘ as it is, I refuse, not only to be your wife,
‘ but I refuse to live. No sustenance has en-
‘ tered these lips since the excruciating hour of
‘ labour, and none shall enter there ; the for-
‘ rows your name cannot hide, I am hastening
‘ to carry to the grave.’ The Lady kept her
word—resolutely continuing to refuse food ;
and the man who was so tardy in his justice,
followed her in a few days to the grave.

DR. BENTLEY, the celebrated critic,
and formerly Master of Trinity-college, Cam-
bridge, when he came to town, was accustomed,
in his visits to Lord Carteret, sometimes to
spend the evenings with his Lordship. One
day old Lady Granville reproached her son
with keeping the Country Clergyman, who
was with him the night before, till he was in-
toxicated. Lord Carteret denied the charge ;
upon which the Lady replied, “ That the
“ Clergyman would not have sung in so ridi-
“ culous a manner, unless he had been in li-
“ quor.” The truth of the case was, that the
singing thus mistaken by her Ladyship, was
Dr. Bentley’s endeavour to instruct and enter-

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tain his Noble Friend, by reciting Terence according to the true *cantilena* of the Ancients.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. some years ago, had occasion to file a bill, in the Court of Chancery, against an Attorney at Hampton, to set aside an agreement, surreptitiously obtained, for the purpose of an house there; and whilst the late Edmund Hoskins, Esq. was preparing the draught of the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines:

*To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hoskins,
Esq; Tom Fool sends greeting.*

ON your care must depend the success of my suit,
The contest I mean 'bout the House in dispute;
Remember, my friend, an Attorney my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, though the best are *so so*.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a Knave will be ever too hard for a Fool;
To which rule one exception your client implores,
That the Fool may for once turn the Knave out of doors.

IN the character of the late Harry Fielding, good-nature and philanthropy, in their extreme degree, were known to be the prominent features.

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features. The following Anecdote of that second Timon, not of universal notoriety, is given in illustration of such his peculiar characteristic. This invoker of the Nine, in common with all the verse-making tribe who climb Parnassus' hill, had not the mines of Potosi at command. His receipts were never large, and his pocket was an open bank for distress and friendship at all times to draw on. Marked by such a liberality of mind, it is not to be wondered at, if he was frequently under pecuniary embarrassments. In one of these predicaments, his conduct was so truly social, so perfectly oblivious of self, that it ought to be recorded to his immortal honour, as exhibiting the proof dernier of friendship *inter homines*. Some parochial taxes for his house in Beaufort-Buildings being unpaid, and for which he had been demanded again and again, or, in the vulgar phrase, dunned *de die in diem*, he was at last given to understand by the Collector, who had an esteem for him, that he could procrastinate the payment no longer. In this dilemma the author of *Tom Jones* called a council of his thoughts, to whom he should apply for a temporary accommodation on the pledge

pledge of the embryos of his own brain. Jacob Tonson was his resource on these occasions : —to him therefore he addressed himself, and mortgaged the coming sheets of some work then in hand. He received the cash—some ten or twelve guineas. Full freighted with this sum, he was returning home ; when, lo ! Fate, in the guise of Friendship, had determined to intercept him, and prevent his reaching his destination with his pecuniary cargo. In the Strand, within a few yards of his own house, he met an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years. Harry felt the enthusiasm of friendship ; an hundred interrogatories were put to him in a moment ; as, Where had he been ? Where was he going ? How did he do ? &c. &c. His friend told him, in reply, he had long been buffeting the waves of adverse fortune, but never could surmount them :

“ Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.”

The result may be anticipated. Fielding's glow of friendship led him to ask his quondam intimate to take a dinner at a neighbouring tavern, to talk over old stories, and taste the
Tuscan

Tuscan grape. The invitation was accepted—the viands were spread—the exhilarating juice appeared—and cares were given to the winds. The moments flew joyous, and unperceived; they both partook largely of “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.” In the course of their *tête-à-tête*, Fielding became acquainted with the state of his friend’s pocket. He emptied his own into it; and parted, a few periods before Aurora’s appearance, greater and happier than a monarch. Arrived at home, his sister, who waited his coming with the greatest anxiety, began to question him as to his cause for staying. Harry began to relate the felicitous rencontre—his sister Amelia tells him, *the Collector had called for the taxes twice that day*. This information let our worthy author down to earth again, after his elevation, in his own reflections, to the seventh heaven. His reply was laconic, but memorable: “Friendship has called for the money, and “had it:—let the Collector call again.” A second application to Tonson gave him the ability to satisfy the joint demands of the parish and his friend.

IN

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IN the year 1726, Swift attended the levée of Sir Robert Walpole, at Chelsea; where he sat down by the door, and drew the notice of the company by that singularity. Nobody knew him till Sir Robert entered, and went up to him very obligingly. Swift, without rising up, or other address, said, "For God's sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that cursed country, and place me somewhere in England." 'Mr. Dean,' (said Sir Robert), 'I should be glad to oblige you, but I fear removing you would spoil your wit. Look at that tree,' (pointing to one under the window); 'I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side, but it is good for nothing here.' The company laughed, and the Doctor hurried off without reply.

Swift's abomination of Walpole, which probably grew out of the just treatment above mentioned, continued perhaps to the end of his life; it was certainly strong in the year 1742, as appears from the following story.

As soon as Dean Swift heard that Lord Orford was dismissed from power, he awakened with one flash of light from his dreaming of what he once was, and cried, "I made a vow
" that

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“ that I would fet up a coach when that man
 “ was turned out of his places ; and having
 “ the good fortune to behold that day, long
 “ despaired of, I will show I was sincere : send
 “ for a coach-maker.” The operator comes ;
 had one almost ready. It was sent home ;
 horses were purchased ; and the Dean entered
 the triumphant double chariot, supported by
 two old women, and his daily flatterer, to en-
 tertain him with the only music he had an ear
 to hear at his age : they made up the *partie*
quarrée, and with much ado enabled his decre-
 pit Reverence to endure the fatigue of travel-
 ling twice round the Great Square, by the cor-
 dial amusement of their fulsome commendations,
 which he calls facetious pleasantries. But the
 next packet brought word that Lord Orford’s
 party revived, &c. Swift sunk back in the
 corner of the carriage ; his under-jaw fell ;
 he was carried up to his chamber and great
 chair, and obstinately refused to be lifted
 into the treacherous vehicle any more.

IT is a general opinion, that a good Player
 must have a sound judgement, and conceive his
 author’s meaning before he can express it ;
 yet

yet there have been instances where Nature, having denied an understanding, has kindly given what did well enough as a substitute, and passed muster before an audience very decently. To illustrate this remark, we shall quote a remarkable Anecdote from the "Mémoires, Letters, and Poems, of the late Mr. Henderson," published by Mr. Ireland; which is as follows:

"WHEN the late Mr. Reddish's indisposition of mind rendered him incapable of fulfilling his duties at the Theatre, and he was by his inability reduced from a salary of twelve or fourteen pounds a week, to an income of seventy pounds a year from the Fund, some of his friends made interest with the Manager to grant him a benefit. The play advertised was Cymbeline, and Mr. Reddish was announced for Posthumus. He was to pass an hour, previous to his performance, at a house where I (says Mr. Ireland) was asked to meet him. He came into the room with the step of an idiot, his eye wandering, and his whole countenance vacant. I congratulated him on his being enough recovered to perform." "Yes, 'Sir,' replied he, 'I shall perform, and in
the

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“ the garden-scene I shall astonish you ! ” — “ In
 “ the garden-scene, Mr. Reddish ? — I thought
 “ you were to play Posthumus. ” “ Do I ? ” re-
 plied he ; ‘ I am sorry for it. However, what
 ‘ must be, must be. ’ At the time appointed,
 he set out for the Theatre. The Gentleman
 who went with him, for he was not capable of
 walking without a guide, told me that his
 mind was so impressed with the character of
 Romeo, he was reciting it all the way, and
 when he came into the green-room, it was with
 extreme difficulty they could persuade him he
 was to play any other part : — that when the
 time came for his appearance, they pushed
 him on the stage, fearing he would begin with
 a speech of Romeo. With the same expecta-
 tion I stood in the Pit, close to the orchestra ;
 and, being so near, had a perfect view of his
 face. The instant he came in sight of the
 audience, his recollection seemed to return ;
 his countenance resumed meaning ; his eye ap-
 peared lighted up ; he made the bow of modest
 respect, and went through the scene much bet-
 ter than I had ever before seen him. On his
 return to the green-room, the image of Romeo
 returned to his mind ; nor did he lose it until
 his

his second appearance, when, the moment he had the cue, he went through the scene, and in this weak and imbecile state of understanding performed the whole better than ever I saw him before; and it was a character in which I had seen him often, and never contemptible: but he appeared to much greater advantage then, than when he had the full exercise of his reason; his manner was less assuming, and more natural. After that time, he never performed."

AS the late Lord Digby was universally acknowledged to have been a miracle of nature, a *rara avis*, from the many great and good qualities he possessed, we are tempted to lay before our readers the following interesting Anecdote of his Lordship, as related by Mrs. Bellamy.

"Lord Digby came often to Parliament-street; and, as I had by this means an opportunity of observing his conduct, I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his demeanour and dress, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter he was more than usually grave, and then always

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ways had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude, that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. And this was no improbable supposition.

“ Mr. Fox, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew’s motive for appearing at times in this manner, as, in general, he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. Upon his expressing an inclination to that purpose, Major Vaughan and another Gentleman undertook to watch his Lordship’s motions. They accordingly set out; and, observing him to go towards St. George’s Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea prison.

“ Wondering what could carry a person of his Lordship’s rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey, if a Gentleman (describing him) had not entered the prison. ‘ Yes,’ Masters!’ exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; ‘ but he is not a man; he is an angel: for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves

‘and their families till they can find employment. This,’ continued the man, ‘is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day.’ “Do you know who the Gentleman is?” inquired the Major. ‘We none of us know him by any other marks,’ replied the man, ‘but his humanity, and his blue coat.’

“The Gentlemen, having gained this intelligence, immediately returned, and gave an account of it to Mr. Fox. As no man possessed more humanity than the Secretary at War, the recital afforded him exquisite pleasure. But fearing his nephew might be displeased at the illicit manner in which the information had been obtained, he requested that we would keep the knowledge of it a profound secret.

“I could not resist my curiosity of making further inquiries relative to an affair from which I reaped so much satisfaction. I, accordingly, the next time his Lordship had his almsgiving coat on, asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress? With a smile of ineffable sweetness, he told me, that my curiosity should soon be gratified; for, as we were
congenial

congenial souls, he would take me with him when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted—A compliment more truly flattering, and more acceptable to *me*, than *any* I ever had, or could receive.

“The night before his intended visit, his Lordship requested that I would be in readiness to go with him the next morning. We then went together to that receptacle of misery which he had so often visited to the consolation of its inhabitants. His Lordship would not suffer me to enter the gate, lest the noisomeness of the place should prove disagreeable to me; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George inn, in the Borough, where a dinner was provided for the happy wretches he was about to liberate. Here I had the pleasure of seeing near thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at an inclement season of the year, it being Christmas; and not only released from their confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his Lordship's bounty for their immediate support. I will not pretend to describe the grateful tribute his Lordship received upon the occasion from the band he had just set

free ; nor the satisfaction he reaped from the generous deed.

“ How shall I tell the sequel of the tale !— But it must be told.—Yet whilst I do it, I am almost ready to accuse Heaven of unkindness in untimely cutting off so fair, so sweet a flower, the pride of the English garden. His Lordship went, some few months after these beneficent acts, to visit his estates in Ireland ; where being obliged, by the mistaken hospitality of the country, to drink more than he was accustomed to do, and that at a time when he was indisposed from a violent cold ; a fever, attended with a putrid fore-throat, was the fatal consequence. And—*drop not, thou selfish tear !*—my amiable young friend was removed to those realms, where alone his expanded heart could find its benevolent propensities indulged and rewarded.”

THERE have been so many adventures and stories handed down to us of Charles II. and the Earl of Rochester, which are so common and well known, that scarcely any have the air of novelty to recommend them. However, the following adventure, if not new, is but
little

little known to the world, and is thus related : Rochester contrived, with one of Charles's mistresses, the following stratagem to cure that monarch of the nocturnal rambles to which he addicted himself. He agreed to go out one night with him to visit a celebrated house of intrigue, where he told his Majesty the finest women in England were to be found. The King made no scruple to assume his usual disguise, and accompany ; and while he was engaged with one of the ladies of pleasure, who had been before instructed by Rochester how to behave, she picked his pocket of his watch and all his money, which the King did not immediately miss. Neither the people of the house, nor the girl herself, were made acquainted with the quality of their visitor, nor had the least suspicion who he was. When the intrigue was ended, the King inquired for Rochester, but was told he had quitted the house, without taking leave : and he was thrown into still greater embarrassment, when, upon searching his pockets, in order to discharge the reckoning, he found his money gone. He was then reduced to the necessity of asking the Landlady who kept the house, to give him credit till to-

morrow, as the Gentleman who came in with him was not returned, who was to have paid for both. The consequence of this request was, he was abused and laughed at; and the old woman told him, That she had often been served such dirty tricks, and would not permit him to stir till the reckoning was paid; and then called one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridiculous distress, the prisoner of a Bawd, stood the Sovereign of three kingdoms! After much altercation, the King at last proposed, that she should accept a ring, which he then took off his finger, in pledge for her money; which she likewise refused, and told him, that, as she was no judge of the value of the ring, she did not choose to accept such pledges. The King then desired that a jeweller might be called to give his opinion of the value of it; but he was answered, That the expedient was impracticable, as no jeweller could then be supposed to be out of bed. After much intreaty, his Majesty at last prevailed upon the Bawd to let her bully knock up a jeweller, and show him the ring; which as soon as he had inspected, he stood amazed, and inquired, with his eyes fixed upon the
fellow,

fellow, who he had got in his house? To which he answered, "A black-looking, ugly son of a whore, who had no money in his pocket, and was obliged to pawn his ring." 'The ring,' says the jeweller, 'is so immensely rich, that but one man in the nation could afford to wear it, and that one is the King.' The jeweller, being astonished at this accident, went out with the bully, in order to be fully satisfied of so extraordinary an affair; and, as soon as he entered the room, he knew the King's features, notwithstanding his disguise; upon which he kneeled down, and, with the utmost respect, presented the ring to his Majesty. The Bawd and her bully, finding the extraordinary quality of their guest, were terrified and confounded, and asked pardon most submissively on their knees. The King, in the best-natured manner, forgave them; and, laughing, asked, Whether the ring could not bear another bottle?

THE late Marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to

the company meeting there: at one of which places one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he was out; when recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed as an Officer, though shabby, that now and then, with great humility, begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first; who, desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the Marshal well; yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall not subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting: follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour, or perish." The eyes of all were turned on the Marshal for an answer, who, clapping his hand



hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him, on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow-soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, ‘ Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon; and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends.’ It may be easily supposed the invitation was complied with; when, after some conversation, the Marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. “ Why, Marshal,” returned the Officer, “ being upon half-pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: I had that day very little appetite; and, as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in
“ my

“ my pocket; the thought of which being
 “ found there, appeared ten times more terri-
 “ ble than fighting the room round.”——
 ‘ Enough! my dear boy; you have said enough!
 ‘ Your name? Let us dine at Sweet’s to-mor-
 ‘ row: we must prevent your being subjected
 ‘ again to such a dilemma.’ They met next
 day; and the Marshal presented him a Cap-
 tain’s commission, with a purse of guineas, to
 enable him to join the regiment.

WHEN Dr. Samuel Johnson first conceived
 the design of compiling a Dictionary of the
 English Language, he drew up a Plan, in a
 Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. This very
 Letter exhibits a beautiful proof to what a de-
 gree of grammatical perfection, and classical
 elegance, our language was capable of being
 brought. The execution of this plan cost him
 the labour of many years: but when it was
 published, in 1755, the sanguine expectations
 of the public were amply justified; and several
 foreign Academies, particularly *della Crusca*,
 honoured the Author with their approbation.
 “ Such are its merits,” says the learned Mr.
 Harris, “ that our language does not possess a
 “ more

“ more copious, learned, and valuable work.” But the excellency of this great Work will rise in the estimation of all who are informed, that it was written, as the Author declares, “ with
 “ little assistance of the Learned, and without
 “ any patronage of the Great; not in the soft
 “ obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of Academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and
 “ sorrow.” Lord Chesterfield, at that time, was universally esteemed the Mæcenas of the age; and it was in that character, no doubt, that Dr. Johnson addressed to him the Letter before mentioned. His Lordship endeavoured to be grateful, by recommending that valuable Work in two Essays, which, among others, he published in a paper, entitled “ The World*,” conducted by Mr. Edward Moore, and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the Doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield; a circumstance which has been imputed to the mistake of the Porter. Just before the Dictionary was published, Mr. Moore expressed his surprise to the great Lexicographer, that he did not intend

* No. 100, 101.

tend to dedicate the book to his Lordship. Mr. Johnson answered, " That he was under
 " no obligation to any Great Man whatever,
 " and therefore he should not make him his
 " patron." ' Pardon me, Sir,' said Moore,
 ' you are certainly obliged to his Lordship for
 ' two elegant papers he has written in favour
 ' of your performance.' " You quite mistake
 " the thing," replied the other; " I confess
 " no obligation; I feel my own dignity, Sir :
 " I have made a Commodore Anson's Voyage
 " round the World of the English Language ;
 " and, while I am coming into port, with a
 " fair wind, on a fine sun-shining day, my
 " Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-
 " boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of
 " the favour, Mr. Moore, and should be sorry
 " to say an ill-natured thing of that Noble-
 " man; but I cannot help thinking he is a
 " Lord amongst Wits, and a Wit amongst
 " Lords." The severity of this remark seems
 never to have been forgotten by the Earl,
 who, in one of his Letters to his Son, thus de-
 lineates the Doctor :—" There is a man, whose
 ' moral character, deep learning, and superior
 ' parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect ;
 ' but

‘ but whom it is so impossible for me to love,
 ‘ that I am almost in a fever whenever I am
 ‘ in his company. His figure, without being
 ‘ deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule
 ‘ the common structure of the human body.
 ‘ His legs and arms are never in the position,
 ‘ which, according to the situation of his body,
 ‘ they ought to be in, but constantly employed in
 ‘ committing acts of hostility upon the Graces.
 ‘ He throws any where, but down his throat,
 ‘ whatever he means to drink ; and only man-
 ‘ gles what he means to carve. Inattentive to
 ‘ all the regards of social life, he mistimes or
 ‘ misplaces every thing. He disputes with
 ‘ heat, and indiscriminately ; mindless of the
 ‘ rank, character, and situation, of those with
 ‘ whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of
 ‘ the several gradations of familiarity or re-
 ‘ spect, he is exactly the same to his superiors,
 ‘ his equals, and his inferiors ; and therefore,
 ‘ by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of
 ‘ the three. Is it possible to love such a man ?
 ‘ No ; the utmost I can do for him is to con-
 ‘ sider him as a respectable *Hottentot*.’

WHEN the Emperor Charles V. bid a final
 adieu to all his regal possessions, and landed at
 Laredo,

Laredo, in Biscay, on his journey from Zealand to the Monastery of St. Just, in Spain, he fell prostrate on the ground, and, considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind!"

As this was the melancholy mansion in which his Majesty had resolved to end his days, he endeavoured to conform, in his manner of living, to all the rigour of monastic austerity. He desired no other society than that of monks, and was almost continually employed with them in chanting the hymns of the Missal. As an expiation for his sins, he gave himself the discipline in secret with such severity, that the whip-cords which he employed as the instrument of his punishment were found after his decease tinged with his blood. Nor was he satisfied with these acts of mortification; which, however severe, were not unexampled. The timorous and distrustful solicitude which always accompanies superstition, still continued to disquiet him, and, depreciating all that he had done, prompted him to aim at something extraordinary, at some new and singular act of piety,

piety, that would display his zeal, and merit the favour of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands: he himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin, in the usual form; and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impression which this image of death left on his mind, affected him so much, that next day
he

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he was seized with a fever, which terminated in his dissolution.

The Abbé de la Porte, who visited this monastery in 1755, informs us, that one of the monks told him, That one day, when the Emperor went in his turn to awake the Novices, at the hour of matins, one of them, whom he shook too violently, because he still slept, addressed him in these memorable words: “ Hast
“ thou not troubled the repose of the world
“ long enough, without coming here to disturb
“ that of the peaceable men who have forsaken
“ it?”

THE END.



